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Comment Of The Day

Hongkong Roads

HONGKONG can expect bigger and bigger expenditure on roads in the next few years. Chiefly this is to improve the flow of traffic in the built-up business and shopping centres of the island and Kowloon, which are becoming more and more crowded every year.

Figures published by the China Mail earlier this week pointed to the huge increase in the number of cars registered—almost double the number four years ago. On top of this trucks and buses—now allowed up to a width of eight feet—are causing increasing congestion on the roads.

The fear is that lorries with locally-built bodies may also take advantage of the new eight-foot rule. This means that carriageways in many key roads will become dangerously narrow and will have to be increased to 24 feet. Plans to do this on some roads have already been prepared.

Then there is the new road planning for the central district after the Army leaves Murray Barracks, the Parade Ground and the Detention Barracks, and the Navy, the dockyard. There is talk of a flyover to avoid the Queen's Road-Garden Road traffic jam. And if a bridge is built this will mean more roadwork. So much for the urban areas.

It is in the New Territories, however, that we must expect the biggest developments. Satellite towns are being planned to house the Colony's ever-growing population and to accommodate new factories. On Lantau a new reservoir is being built at Shek Pik. If this challenging diversion of people to the Territories is to succeed, much will depend on the roads which will link these areas with the city and other parts of the Colony.

The Roads Office will handle this work. In the past they have come in for much petty criticism, been the butt of many jokes. But its men are doing a good job. They should be given every encouragement for the big jobs ahead of them.

U.S. TO SHOOT FOR MARS

First Attempt Expected Next Year

Washington, Nov. 21. The United States may make the first attempt to launch a rocket to Mars late in February or early in March, the magazine Missiles and Rockets said today.

"While no official go-ahead has been announced, a National Aeronautics and Space Administration scientist agrees that a launch date about March 1 'could be right on the button' for a rendezvous with the planet a little over eight months later," the report said.

Officials have said that a rocket would take about 247 days to reach Mars. It would "coast" most of the way once it had escaped the main force of the earth's gravity.

Unsophisticated

Army is planning to launch an "unsophisticated" rocket on December 5 to pass the moon and go into orbit around the sun, the magazine said.

It said the Army was reducing the "sophistication" of the rocket vehicle to improve the chances of success as compared with the Air Force's "Pioneer" moon rockets.

The Air Force made three unsuccessful attempts in the last few months to reach the moon and the Army, now, has been authorized to undertake two moon shots.

The magazine said the Army's launching vehicle would be the "Juno II" consisting of a highly modified Jupiter intermediate range ballistic missile as the first stage with the Jupiter-C second, third and fourth stages.

USAF Way

The Jupiter-C was the vehicle used to place the Army's "Explorer" satellites in orbit around the earth.

No attempt would be made to swing the Army's moon rockets into orbit around the moon, as was planned in the Air Force attempts, the magazine said.

After all four stages of the Army rocket had fired in succession, the instrumented payload would have a speed of 23,300 miles an hour and would thus be able to reach the moon's vicinity in 34 hours, the report added.—Reuter.

BRITAIN TO CHANGE VICE LAWS

London, Nov. 21. The British Government has decided to increase penalties against prostitution and retain the existing legislation against homosexuality, in its campaign to clear the streets of vice, it was disclosed tonight.

During a debate in the House of Commons next Wednesday on the "Wolfenden Report", on vice, the Home Secretary, Mr. Richard Butler, is to announce the submission of a new law, increasing the penalties for prostitution and for the first time, providing prison sentences for the fourth and further convictions, for this offence.

The government decided on this law and against modification of the laws concerning homosexuality at a Cabinet meeting. The Wolfenden Report has proposed the abolition of a law which provides for prison sentences against homosexual acts committed between consenting adults in private.

Call Girls

It was generally considered here that the new law, providing prison sentences for persistent prostitution, would quickly drive the numerous London prostitutes off the smart streets of the capital. Some considered that it would also have a counter-effect in bringing in new, prosperity to the call-girl system.

In England, there is no law against prostitution which is conducted on a strictly individual basis and in a private flat. Brothels, legally defined as premises where more than one prostitute lives, have been one of the strictly banned since the reign of Queen Victoria.—France-Press.

Ty's Widow Weeps As Organ Plays "Always"

Hollywood, Nov. 21. THE casket of Tyrone Power was opened shortly before the funeral services started today and his widow held his hand and wept bitterly as the organ played "I'll Be Loving You Always."

Mrs. Debra Power wearing a black crepe maternity dress, peered into the flag-draped mahogany coffin as the services started. Gathered to pay tribute to the matinee idol of two decades were a host of Hollywood celebrities including Gregory Peck, Herbert Marshall, Billy Wilder, Clifton Webb, Brian Aherne, Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner and Keenan Wynn.

With Rudy

The scene duplicated one of 30 years ago when an idol of another era, Rudolph Valentino, was entombed at the same cemetery.

Cesar Romero, eulogizing Power, read briefly from the works of Thomas Wolfe a place that Power was said to have read on Thanksgiving Day to American servicemen in Spain.

The actor's mother, his two daughters and his first two wives were absent from the services.

In a chapel several miles distant, Linda Christian, Power's former wife, accompanied by their daughters, Romina, 8, and Taryn 5, were attending a private Roman Catholic Mass in order to avoid a fight with the present Mrs. Power.—UPI.

11 Miners Die In Pit Blast

Matz, Nov. 21. The management of the Lorraine coalfields confirmed that 11 miners were killed and 22 injured in an explosion in the Saint Charles IX mine, in the Lorraine basin, today.

Five of the injured were able to go home after hospital treatment. It had at first been hoped to rescue some of the miners, but it now appears that all those trapped were killed. The explosion occurred in a gallery some 280 to 364 metres deep.

The cause of the explosion was not yet known.—France-Press.

TODAY'S TIPS

By "Rapier"

RACE 1

Gambotta
Desert Hero
Ambition
Outsider:—Ting.

RACE 2

Beautiful Flower
Miss Reading
Cyclone
Outsider:—Impregnable.

RACE 3

Monde
Marionne
Silver Dahlia
Outsider:—Lombard.

RACE 4

Gemini
Ben Lombard
Gladie
Outsider:—Chatterbox.

RACE 5

Salome
Sydney
Giant Knight
Outsider:—Pathfinder.

RACE 6

Free Kick
Cursey
So Big
Outsider:—Good Girl.

RACE 7

Bonny Boy
Nightingale
Emilio
Outsider:—Mak Guid.

RACE 8

Grand Moment
Long Cue
Gabriel Juntas
Outsider:—Eudora.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

Supersonic
Diplom
Ambition
Outsider:—Desert Hero.

RACE 2

Beautiful Flower
Miss Reading
G-Man
Outsider:—Tornado.

RACE 3

Lombard
Blonde
Marionne
Outsider:—Rebel II.

RACE 4

Ben Lombard
Gemini
Chatterbox
Outsider:—Sportsmanship.

RACE 5

Salome
George Porgie
Pathfinder
Outsider:—Tubitha T.

RACE 6

Free Kick
Cursey
So Big
Outsider:—New Delhi.

RACE 7

Nightingale
Bonny Boy
Mak Guid
Outsider:—Follow Me.

RACE 8

Grand Moment
Long Cue
Long Cue
Outsider:—How Do I Know.

"THE TURF" PROGRESSIVE DOUBLE WINNERS

Race 2: Beautiful Flower.
Race 8: Grand Moment.

British Trade Unions To Support Socialists' Plan

London, Nov. 21. Britain's powerful trade union movement today pledged its support to the Labour Party's plan of campaign for the general election which Socialists expect next spring.

Representatives of 87 trade unions affiliated to the Labour Party, at a meeting with Labour chiefs today, decided unanimously to give full support to the campaign.

A statement issued after the two-hour meeting added that Mr. Hugh Gattskill, the Labour Party leader, outlined the campaign and gave details of the party's new policy summary, "The future Labour offers you," which will be published on Monday.

(The trade union movement provides five-and-a-half million about five-sixths of the Labour Party's members.)

Mrs. Barbara Castle, current party chairman, addressed the meeting, which will be followed tomorrow by a "briefing conference" for Labour members of Parliament and candidates. A third, for party election agents, will be held on Sunday.—Reuter.

Two Killed In Armed Clash

Beirut, Nov. 21. Two people were reported killed and six wounded today in an armed clash between supporters and enemies of former Economics Minister, Kazem El Khallil, in the village of Chaab, near Tyre.

An army detachment was sent to the scene to restore order.—France-Press.

Pope John Visits His Summer Residence

Castel Gandolfo, Nov. 21. Pope John XXIII paid a private visit to the Papal summer villa here today in his first trip away from Vatican City since his election.

The Pope Pontiff drove here in a glass-topped black sedan for a brief tour of the summer residence and then returned to Rome. Crowds lined the highway on his 13-mile drive. Many persons knelt by the roadside, or cheered "Viva Il Papa" as the four-car Papal procession moved along behind an escort of 12 Italian federal motorcycle police.

The Pope changed his itinerary so that he passed through the town of Albano near Castel Gandolfo, a move that brought cheers from Albano's 5,000 residents.

Death Bed

Then he entered the 17th Century Papal villa and immediately visited the small, palatial bedroom with its simple iron-posted bed where Pope Pius XII died on October 9 following two strokes.

Pope John bowed in silent prayer, and a few minutes later appeared on the balcony to address a crowd of several thousands gathered in the square below.

"My thoughts go to His Holiness Pius XII, whose benediction, virtues and sanctity I ask," Pope John said.

"I am going to bless you. If God gives me life I will see you in the spring. May God bless your tribulations of life. Thank you, and here is my Apostolic blessing."—U.P.I.

HONGKONG SHIVERS

For the second day in succession Hongkong shivered as the early morning temperature registered at the Royal Observatory was 57.5 degrees, five degrees below the average minimum for this time of the year. However, the air is becoming drier, because the humidity dropped 10 per cent, to 39 per cent this morning.

The figures for today and yesterday are still above the average minimum temperature for Hongkong's coldest month—February. In that month the average minimum daily temperature is in the region of 55.6 degrees.

Russia Likely To Hand Over Berlin Today

Berlin, Nov. 21. The Soviets today held a meeting of the six-man Russian and East German Commission established in East Berlin to turn over Soviet occupation controls to the East German Communists.

It was the Russians' unofficial move to hand over Western Allied lifelines to the German Reds.

The commission meeting was a legal requirement before the Soviets could surrender to the East German Government the occupation powers granted to them by four-power agreement with the United States, Britain and France.

It was expected that the Soviets would announce formally in Moscow tomorrow that they have transferred their occupation powers to the East German Reds.

Adenauer's View

West German Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano left for Berlin by plane from Bonn after conferences with U.S. Ambassador David K. Bruce. But fog over Berlin forced him to return to the West German capital.

In Munich, the West German Chancellor, Dr. Konrad Adenauer, said today he told the Russian Ambassador, Mr. Andrei Smirnov, during their talks yesterday, West Germany attached "the greatest value" to occupation troops remaining in Berlin.

In Moscow, the Soviet Foreign Office began summoning Western Ambassadors in alphabetical order of nations, to separate conferences at the Foreign Ministry tomorrow. It was believed the Russians would reveal at the conferences their intentions for withdrawing from Berlin and handing over their occupation duties to the East German Communists.—U.P.I. and Reuter.

Planes Withdrawn After Pilot Dies

London, Nov. 21. All British Fleet Air Arm "Scimitar" "Hunter T-8" and "Sea Vixen" aircraft have been withdrawn from service temporarily, the Admiralty announced here tonight.

The decision was taken to permit a general verification of the seat-ejection mechanism on these aircraft.

The pilot of a "Scimitar" died on Wednesday from injuries received after he had used the ejection system during a flight.—France-Press.

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Shah Of Iran May Remarry Queen

Cairo, Nov. 21. THE newspaper Al Akhbar reported today that the Shah of Iran will remarry ex-Queen Soraya if the Shah's daughter, Princess Shahnez, gives birth to a boy next month.

The newspaper said that if the

Shah gets a grandson he will proclaim him heir apparent to the Iranian throne.

The newspaper said that "constitutional" amendments necessary for such a proclamation already have been prepared.

Thus, Al Akhbar added, the Shah could remarry Soraya,

when he divorced for failure to bear him a child.

Shahnez is the Shah's daughter by previous marriage to Princess Fawzia, sister to former King Farouk of Egypt.

The newspaper added the Shah will go to Switzerland after visiting Italy next week to be near his daughter when

she gives birth to the child in a maternity home near Lausanne.

It said Soraya will be in Switzerland about the same time.

The Al Akhbar story is the latest in a series of reports that the Shah plans to see his former wife during his visit to Europe.—U.P.I.



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scrumptious way

To travel to Paris,
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for the connoisseur...



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Cellars of

HARVEYS

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THE SUPPLIERS OF THE FAMOUS SHERRIES
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KING'S TO-MORROW AT 12 NOON
SPECIAL MATINEE

Hear the Immortal Music that Enchants Millions
It's so Popular You'll see it Again & Again!
TYRONE POWER • KIM NOVAK in
"THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY"
A Columbia Picture
in CINEMASCOPE
At Reduced Admission

KING'S PRINCESS

KING'S At 2.30, 5.10, PRINCESS At 2.30, 5.20,
7.20 & 9.30 p.m. 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.
(Please note change of showing times)

TO-DAY

Relive the attack on Pearl Harbour! See, before
your eyes, what happened there on that fateful day!



the most acclaimed picture of our time!

Back By
Popular Demand!

FROM HERE
TO ETERNITY

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY
BURY LANCASTER • TONY DUNN • CLIFF
DEBORAH KERR • FRANK SINATRA
DONNA REED



WINNER OF 8
ACADEMY AWARDS

KING'S TO-MORROW MORNING
SHOWS

At 11.00 a.m. Fox TERRYTOON Technicolor Cartoons
At 12.00 noon "THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY"
Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS WEEK-END
MORNING SHOWS

To-day at 12.30 p.m.
Robert Taylor • Richard Todd • Dana Wynter
"D-DAY THE SIXTH OF JUNE"
in Cinemascope & Technicolor
To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. M-G-M's
"TOM & JERRY" VARIETY TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
To-morrow at 12.30 p.m. Gregory Peck • Dolores Gray
"DESIGNING WOMAN" in Cinemascope & Technicolor
Admission: 70 Cts., \$1.00, \$1.50

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Powerful. Ingenious. Sparkling with Wit!
It grips you in suspense from the very beginning!

An intelligent duel between two adversaries
who esteemed and admired each other!

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PARAMOUNT THEATRE
10.15 a.m.
Alan Ladd • Patricia Medina in
"THE BLACK KNIGHT"

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FILMS CURRENT & COMING
by
ANTHONY FULLER

"LONDON CALLING North Pole," is a well produced and strongly directed Italian film, made in Cinemascope and colour. It arrives without any publicity, so I am unable to identify the supporting players. However, Curt Jurgens plays the noble Nazi, and Miss Dawn Addams of "The King in New York" the British secret agent of an extremely naive set up, which kept in touch with the Dutch resistance movement.

What worries me is, the film claims to be true. It is all true, true from beginning to end.

We are told that the British Intelligence Service was fooled from beginning to end by Colonel Berne, commander of the German counter-espionage in Holland.

Curt Jurgens takes over this role. He is shown as an astute but noble foe. He never descends to the practices of the Nazis. He is a man of the agents he arrests, and in the end is ruined by the very forces he served so ably.

All this, we are told, is based upon the book by J. H. Goske, and the book is compiled from certain documents made available to the author.

I am prepared to accept the fact that serving along with the Nazis, there were some noble men, although I doubt whether they occupied such a position as

Curt Jurgens portrays in the film. I do not know where the author got his documents from. But while I grant that the film is intense and highly dramatic, I deny as many times as you like that it is true. On one point, by a remarkable coincidence, I happened across an incident which the film portrays. Mr. Goske uses one of the heads of the Dutch Resistance in his book made into this film. He calls him the Gorilla. He was really known as King Kong. The film shows him as a man who breaks down under emotional strain when his brother is about to be shot by the Nazis.

Wrong. King Kong was a traitor from beginning to end, an ex-criminal who used the Dutch Underground to pursue his illegal activities.

The film shows the Gorilla shot down by his patriot brother, Wrong again. King Kong had a brother and a mistress who were both released for favours granted the Nazis. King Kong is alive today for all I know.

Now comes the real point of the film fails to make. The Gorilla, or King Kong as he was really known, was the link; it was not the ingenuity of the German counter-espionage.

At the time of the incident shown in the film, King Kong's mistress and brother had been captured in a raid made by the Gestapo in February, 1944. To obtain their release, he betrayed not only several of the Dutch resistance groups but a British group which included women as well as men. They were hung into Scheveningen Prison, which contained all

the instruments of torture the Gestapo mind could think up. But the biggest plum he gave the Nazis was the Arnheim plan. King Kong met Colonel Kleswetter of the Abwehr at Driebergen on September 15, 1944, two days before the landings were made. He did not mention Arnheim, perhaps he did not know, but he said that British Airborne Troops would be landed "north of Eindhoven". One glance at the map would tell the Germans the rest. There are three important bridges at Grave, Nijmegen, and Arnheim.

That is the real cause of the failure of Arnheim. It was betrayed by the treacherous Dutch Resistance leader, King Kong.

There would be little point in saying all this if the film did not pretend to be perfectly true.

It is a good film in the technical sense, but the superimposed English titles are poor as translations, and wicked in a grammatical sense.

As a story, which shows the noble-minded Colonel, unknown to me, and a humane enemy outwitting the stupid British espionage agent, it is very good. The truth is, as I have stated above, you can see, "London Calling North Pole," at the Hoover and the Paramount.

There are many reasons why the European community should go to the Star and Metropole to see the film, "The True Story Of Ah Q."

Taking the reasons in the ascending order of merit, the first is "The True Story Of Ah Q" is a good film in its own right. The second is the photography is magnificent. The third, the magnificent portrayal of the character, Ah Q, given by Mr. Kwan Shan, a performance which earned him the best actor award at the eleventh Locarno International Film Festival. Fourth, the film will help the average intelligent foreigner to understand, with sympathy I think, the impact of the dynamic forces of revolution on the simple peasant. Ah Q will live in the memory of many. He is that lack of comprehension of the bewildering theories of revolution, but where his next bowl of rice is coming from. Strangely enough, the character of Ah Q is not presented sympathetically by the writers

of the advertising copy which accompanies the film. The intellectual foreigner is asked to accept Ah Q as a synthetic type of peasant attitude. His mind and attitude are frustrated China in her endeavours to rise to her former heights as a leader of civilisation. Clearly, the Chinese intellectual is out of patience with his stupid little brother. That is not the way I saw it, nor I think, the way the capacity Chinese audience saw it. True, we laughed at the grandiose dreams of Ah Q, we chuckled at his folly, we were astounded by his outrageous talk, take him as he is, he is a better man than the "imitation foreigner" who struts around crying "revolution!"

"If you squeeze me, who am I to squeeze?" asks Ah Q. And there you have it, my friends, the whole reason for the failure of the 1911 Revolution. Corrupt officials who squeezed right down the line until they came to Ah Q, so poor that there is none below him to squeeze. Mortified, humiliated, he turns to the next below him. And who or what is it? The village cur, the outcast dog, which, as Ah Q, lives on what it can get. And what it can get is very little. So Ah Q gives it a savage kick. At least it pronounces his dignity as a human being.

Ah Q is the little man of China. The man who has seen his land pillaged and his small holding taken, and the reward of his physical labour repaid by beatings and humiliation. Yet, as the little people everywhere, he is of cheerful countenance, his very ignorance a safeguard in the day of trouble.

Of Kwan Shan, all I can say as one who knows a little of China's sorrow, is that he puts all the wistful aspirations of the Chinese peasant into his performance. And at the same time, it is of extreme importance that his Oriental characterisation of the Chinese little man, earned him the supreme award granted by Occidental judges. It is more than a film, it is an experience. Superbly directed by Yuen Yang-an, based on the novel by Lu Hsiang, the film has that rare power of reaching beyond the reason of intellect to the emotions of the heart. Ah Q will live in the memory of many. He is that lack of comprehension of the bewildering theories of revolution, but where his next bowl of rice is coming from. Strangely enough, the character of Ah Q is not presented sympathetically by the writers

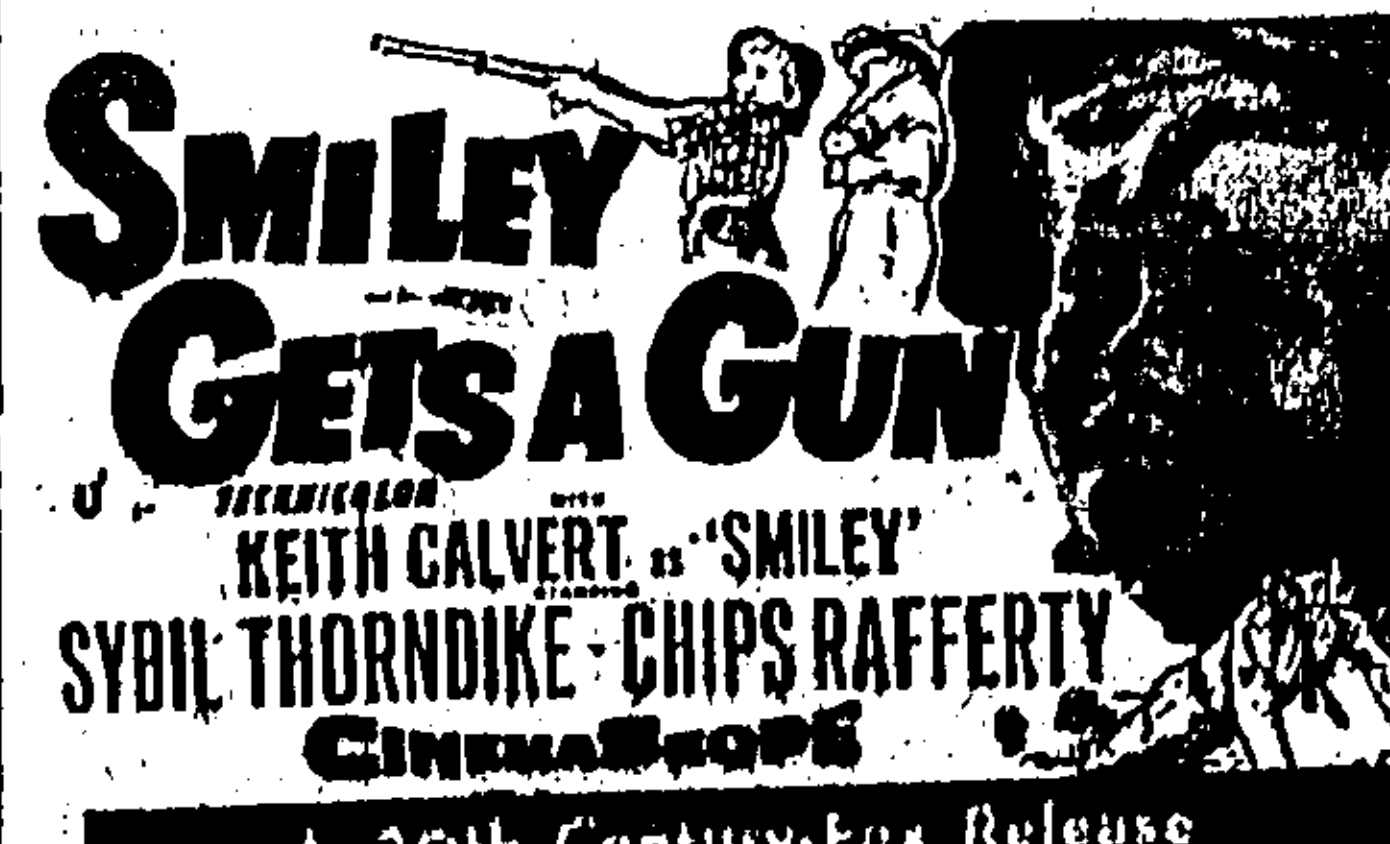
ROXY & BROADWAY

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The Big War They Fought! The Big Love They Found!



Starring
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THE BELOVED LITTLE BARBOL WILL SMILE AT YOU
AND AT HIS MISCHIEF WILL BE FORGOTTEN
BECAUSE YOUR HEART WILL MEET WITH FORGIVENESS!



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TOMORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon || BROADWAY: At 12.15 p.m.
20th Century-Fox presents in Cinemascope & Color
"THE LAST WAGON"
Starring: Richard WIDMARK
BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 11.00 a.m. WALT DISNEY'S Technicolor Cartoons

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

HOOVER & PARAMOUNT:
Dawn Addams and Curt Jurgens in a Cinemascope and colour spy drama, "London Calling North Pole." Film claims to be true. Shows German occupation forces in Holland brutal only in that stupid British espionage forces them to be so. Curt Jurgens plays noble Nazi with dignity. Dawn Addams is a pretty little British mouse played by Jurgens. Film also whitewashes Dutch pseudo resistance leader, called Gorilla in film. For facts, read review. Good film all the same, but sub-titles illiterate.
ROXY & BROADWAY:
Jerry Wald's epic "In Love And War," off on a second-week run. Great production with fine camera work. Sort of an American, "All Quiet on the Western Front." 20th Century-Fox young stars take the film along at a great pace with

two extremely sensitive performances from Bradford Dillman and France Nuzen.
STAR & METROPOLE: "True Story of Ah Q." Wonderful film. Chinese subtitles in English. Best actor award at Locarno. Superb photography by Mr. Kwan Shan, a performance which earned him the best actor award at the eleventh Locarno International Film Festival. Fourth, the film will help the average intelligent foreigner to understand, with sympathy I think, the impact of the dynamic forces of revolution on the simple peasant. Ah Q will live in the memory of many. He is that lack of comprehension of the bewildering theories of revolution, but where his next bowl of rice is coming from. Strangely enough, the character of Ah Q is not presented sympathetically by the writers

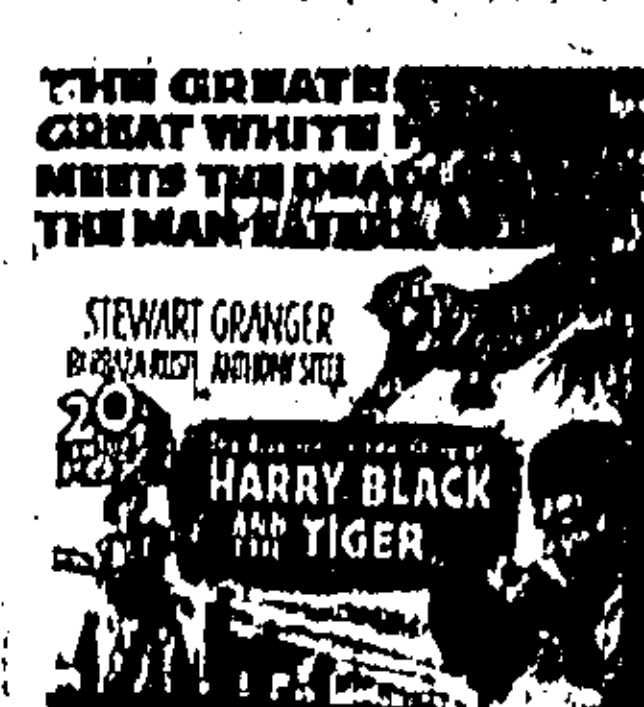
COMING

HOOVER & PARAMOUNT:
"Gigi." The new screen musical romance in colour by the composers of "My Fair Lady." Light-hearted, romantic Paris setting, good plot, bright sequences, old favourites and welcome newcomers. Leslie Caron; Maurice Chevalier; Hermione Gingold; Eva Gabor; and Jacques Bergerac.
ROXY & BROADWAY:
"Old Yeller." Technicolor canine comedy melodrama centering on a mongrel which wins the affection of a frontier family. Told refreshingly; young players; sentiment; warm; animal sides engaging; highlights moving, and scenery superb. Dorothy McGuire; Fess Parker; and Tommy Kirk.
STAR & METROPOLE: "The Quiet American." Audio Murphy; Michael Redgrave; and Gloria Moll; in a romantic - cum - political melodrama. Adapted freely from Graham Greene's

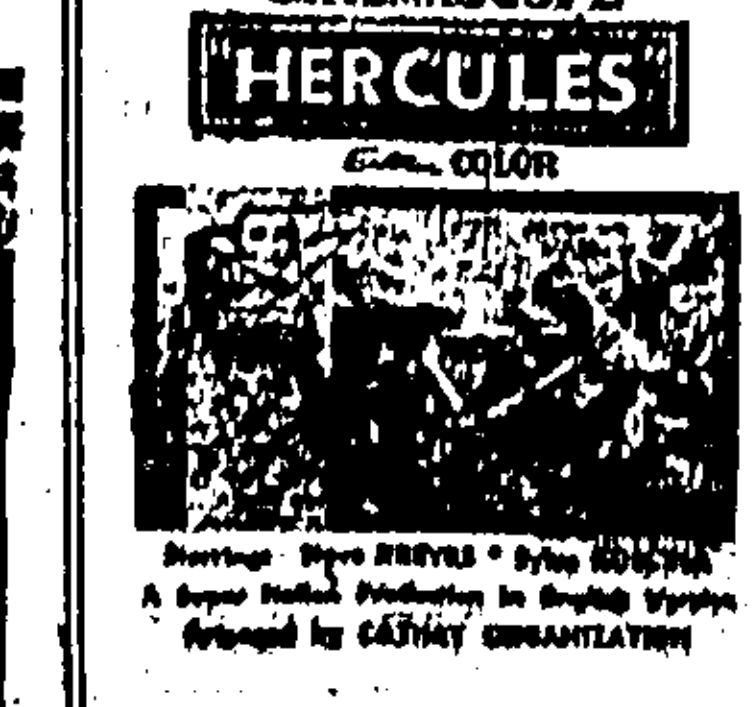
novel of the same title. Describes an Englishman and American as rivals for the charms of a Eurasian girl in setting Saigon. Michael Redgrave, first class; co-stars more than adequate. Dialogue good and atmosphere colourful.
KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Key." Fine performance from three stars. Trevor Howard; Sophia Loren; and William Holden. Brilliant script by Carl (High Noon) Foreman, and directed by Carol (Third Man) Reed. Sombre tale of wartime Plymouth. Moments of tough and courageous men. They have the key. Miss Loren is waiting suitably unaffiliated.
LEE & ASTOR: "Sea Fury." Bank Sir Hugh in Ripin, and at Pinewood. He is a Baker, old-timer Victor McLaglen, and Falstaff as the malice. Enjoyable, good dramatic incident. Tough ships and tougher men.

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC
AIR-CONDITIONED

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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
ROMANCE & ACTION!



Morning Show To-morrow 12.15
"ALEXANDRA THE GREAT"



Morning Show To-morrow
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

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To-morrow At 11.30 a.m.
PARAMOUNT'S
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

ASTOR THEATRE
Morning Show To-morrow
At 11.00 a.m.
COLOUR CARTOONS
At 12.30 p.m.
"SZE CHIEN SHIEN"

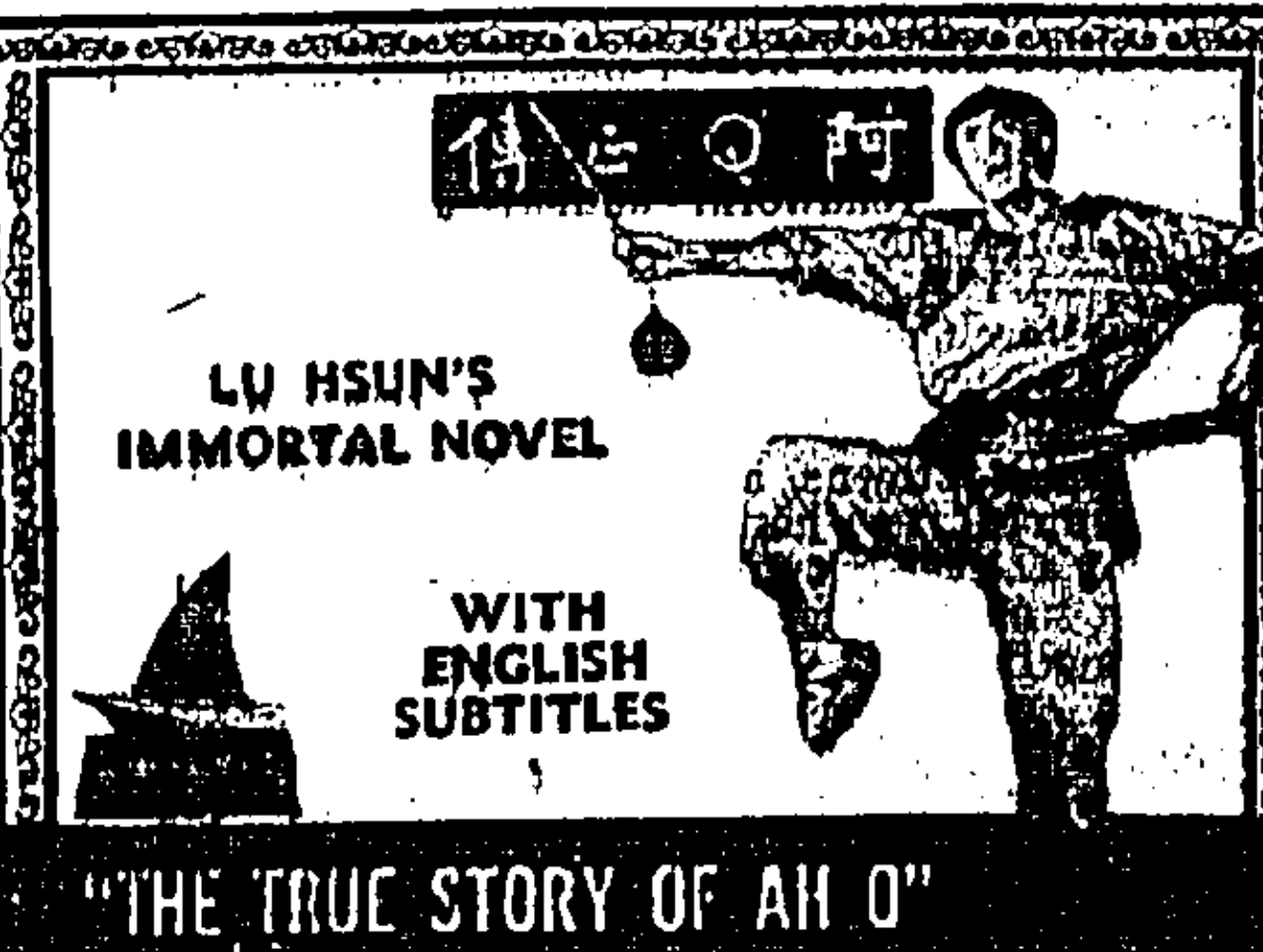
STAR METROPOLE

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

"The most important event of our Festival!"

—Locarno Film Festival Bulletin.



Starring
KWAN SHAN—BEST ACTOR AWARD
Xth Locarno International Film Festival
SELECTED FOR PRESENTATION at the
Xth Edinburgh International Film Festival
Produced & Directed by Yuen Yang-an
Relocated by SUN SUN FILM ENTERPRISES, LTD.

STAR: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of
"THE TRUE STORY OF AH Q" At 12.30 p.m.

TOMORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES

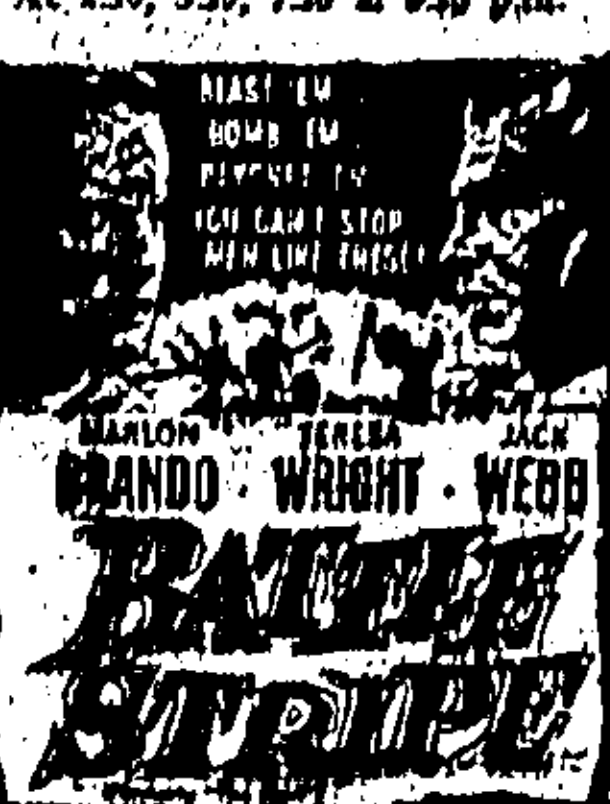
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At 12.30 p.m. "THE PRINCE AND THE SHOW GIRL"
Color by Technicolor

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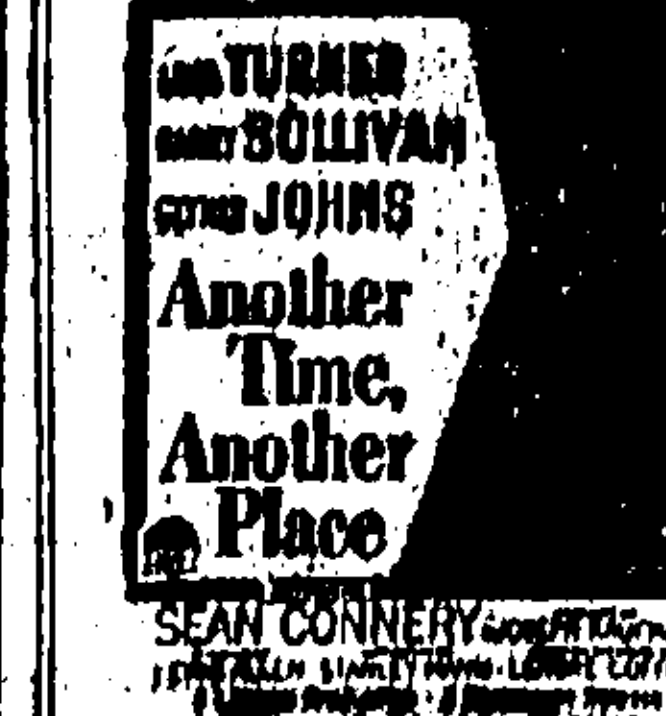
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NEXT CHANGE
Dan DAILEY in
"UNDERWATER
WARRIOR"

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY "MAIL" FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

Laws Of Merrie Olde England

The Boy With The Pony-Tail Hair...

LONDON. A MOTHER let her five-year-old son's hair grow down to his shoulders and then tied it into a pony-tail fastened with hair-grips, a court was told last week.

N.S.P.C.C. Inspector Alan Thacker said at Colindale, War-wickshire, juvenile court that conditions at the boy's home were deplorable.

"I offered to cut the boy's hair," he said, "but his mother would not let me."

Later the boy's hair was cut at a children's home. The boy appeared in court with his hair cut short. He and his 11-year-old sister were before the court as being neglected in a manner likely to cause suffering.

Their plea

Their mother, who is separated from her husband, said: "It has been thrown at me that I have tried to turn boys into girls."

"It is not true. All I wanted was to bring them up as children. But I just desire a nice head of hair."

Dr. Jack Stuart said the psychological effect on the boy, with hair as long as a girl's, had to be considered. He had recommended the children should be removed to a home.

The children told the court they wanted to go back to their mother.

An interim order was made putting them in the care of their grandmother on condition that the mother received medical treatment.

Fish Pieces Flowed Out Of Bath-Tap

Capetown. MR D. Bright of Sea Point, turned on his bath water and pieces of fish came out of the tap. Soon the bath was filled with little pieces of fish.

He telephoned the police to try to find out how he could get in touch with the City Council's Waterworks Department, and had difficulty in convincing the policemen of his sincerity. He then telephoned the Waterworks Department and an official came to his flat. The official said he had been employed in the Department for 20 years but had never known this to happen before. He put some pieces of fish in a bottle and went outside and inspected the water main in the road.

The cause has not been found, although it has been suggested that the fish might have been put in a spare water tank on the roof of the flat by a cat. — China Mail Special.

IT'LL BE A COLD, COLD WINTER

Seoul. THE inmates of the nine police stations in Seoul this winter will be cold—there is only one blanket for every three detainees.

A daily newspaper here, Hankook Ilbo, reported that the nine stations' 120 unheated cells could accommodate 1,100 prisoners, but there were only 370 blankets for them. The paper said that the blankets were supplied five years ago by the United Nations Command. Korean Civil Assistance Command and were "rather seriously worn out, too." — China Mail Special.

Those By-Laws: They Aren't All Crazy...

By FENTON BRESLER

LONDON. THE picture of an exotic Indian mynah bird singing "All the Nice Girls Love a Sailor" in a suburban garden in Essex—as was alleged in the Kingston by-law case—is rather comic. But many of England's 5,000-odd by-laws are themselves rather ridiculous.

Ever since an Act of Queen Victoria's Parliament gave them the power in 1888 county councils and borough councils throughout the country have been making their own local laws.

These "by-laws" cover a multitude of varied activities, but their main function is said to be to promote the good rule and government of the area and the prevention and suppression of nuisances in it.

Often, they serve merely to display the ingenuity of town clerks who evolve such as no sane man would have thought existed.

No kites

For example, in many parts in England and Wales by-laws solemnly forbid the bringing of pigs into the grounds, washing one's face in the ornamental lake, sorting rags on the lawns, "worrying waterfowl" in the pond, erecting a tent, flying a kite, and "wilfully" breaking china.

How are by-laws made? Have local inhabitants any say in their enactment? The answer is No.

The local authority decides that it wishes to make a new by-law—as with Slough Council and their recent No-dogs-without-leash-law—it is dog-without-leash-law. The town clerk's department and sent to the appropriate Ministry for confirmation.

Within a month of the Minister's confirmation the new by-law comes into effect, and any infringement is as much an offence as a breach of an Act of Parliament. But in the case of most by-laws the maximum penalty is usually merely a £5 fine.

Models

Seldom is a by-law challenged in the courts, though technically by-laws they hold to be "unreasonable" or "repugnant to the general law."

Over the years local authorities became by-law-happy. The Surrey County Council by-law that landed the Indian mynah's owner in trouble was a "model" one. "No person shall erect within any house, building or premises any noisy animal which shall be or cause a serious nuisance to residents in the neighbourhood."

Fair enough, a sensible and necessary regulation. But there are still many by-laws extant—especially those dating from the first flush of enthusiasm in the last two decades of the last century—which could not be so described.

In Kidderminster, it is an offence to own a bath which does not have a watertight plug. In Ipswich the sturdy locals are enjoined "not to include any animal to fight in any street or public place." Presumably, if you want to challenge a bulldog you must do so in your own back garden.

In Leamington Spa, you must not shake a doormat on the lawns outside the parish church. In Frinton-on-Sea you must not "beat, shake or cleanse any druggot on the seashore."

No sermons

In Cambridge no person shall, within 200 yards of any street, bathe in any stream "without wearing suitable drawers."

In Blackpool, on the world-famous seaford facing the notorious "Golden Mile" of honky-tonk stunts and drink shows, no priest dare preach on a Sunday for fear of incurring the by-law against "holding any religious service or delivering any sermon on any part of the parade."

London, too, has some choice by-laws. "No person shall blow a whistle for the purpose of hailing a cab." "No person shall exhibit any searchlight so as to be visible from any street." "No person shall, with intent to cause annoyance or inconvenience, place any stink bomb in any place of public entertainment."

These are some of the zany. Last year, 11,752 people were convicted of "breaches of local and other regulations." One wonders what on earth they did.

(London Express Service).

ARSENIC EATERS WERE VIGOROUS & BEAUTIFUL

Rome. HERB mixtures and strange cure-alls have been popular in Italy for a couple of thousand years and are still going strong today.

The Etruscans believed in wine and honey for health and were probably the first to make a liver juice elixir. A large variety of herbs, fruit and exotic plant essences existed two or three centuries before the start of the Christian era.

Concoctions brewed up were prescribed for "curing" all ills and pains, broken bones, increasing wisdom, longevity, preserving beauty, banishing bad news and as protection against the plague. Mud, clays and animal fats, for alleviating pains and good for making the hair grow, also came out of ancient Italy.

The early Romans used an "Argilla Magnifica" or Magnetic clay which the Etruscans probably brought out of India. It was supposed to be good for gastric ulcers if mixed with chopped-up fingernails and smeared over the hair.

"Cures" for baldness in Italy were popular around the time of Julius Caesar. He apparently tried a number of sure-fire remedies against his receding hairline and when they all failed he adopted the use of a laurel leaf crown to hide his bald pate.

BALDNESS

In the first century of the Christian Era, the naturalist, Pliny the Elder, records that the favourite cures for baldness were quince extract and wax cooked in red wine, or nutshell ashes mixed with olive oil and red wine. The juice of wild berries mixed with bear fat was also considered a favourite bald cure.

Beauty treatments are many and varied some of them date back to those used by the beautiful Etruscan women. Oil of roses, lemons and oranges for the hair and the face are also ancient beauty cures. Probably one of the most drastic beauty concoctions of all times was arsenic. It was eaten in minute doses mixed into

EGYPT GETS ITS FIRST CHOU EN-LAI

Cairo. EGYPT has just had her first Chou En-lai, his full name: Chou En-lai Mohamed Saleh Saleh.

Farmer Mohamed Saleh Saleh of Minya, El-Qamhi, provincial town in the Nile Delta, is such a great admirer of the Chinese Communist leader that he has named his new-born son after him.

Baby Chou is the latest addition to this country's army of important namesakes. Egypt already has a Tito and a Nehru, second and third of triplets born to a worker just after the recent British Conference attended by Marshal Tito, Premier Jawaharlal Nehru and President Gamal Abdel Nasser. First of the triplets, older by a matter of hours, is named Nasser.—U.P.I.

'NUTS' IAN SAID, BUT NONE BELIEVED HIM

LONDON. "NUTS," said 2½-year-old Ian Treadway when doctors tried to diagnose what was making him cough and giving him a high temperature.

It took four doctors and two hospitals five weeks to find the trouble.

They treated him for bronchitis and bronchial pneumonia.

They took three X-rays and prescribed three different medicines. They tried inhalations and penicillin injections—all without success.

"Nuts," said Ian. "It was nuts."

No one believed him. But nuts it proved to be.

One of the doctors, in a talk with Ian's father, discovered Ian had swallowed some nuts that "went down the wrong way" while rambling with his father.

Five fragments of peanuts went down his windpipe and lodged in his lungs.

An operation was performed and the nut fragments were picked out one by one.

Ian was returned home safe and well—but he lost his taste for nuts.—U.P.I.

Hugo The Flea (Best In Show) Business Is Healthy And Happy

LONDON. HUGO the performing flea—the "best hit in show business"—is healthy and biting fit, his owner assured television viewers.

Comedian Michael Bentine made this joyful statement after a week under a cloud following angry complaints about his alleged cruelty to Hugo on a TV show.

It happened on a Sunday. Bentine introduced his famous "flea circus" with Hugo the star turn. Everything was rehearsed to the last detail.

TINY CANNON

Hugo was shot out of a tiny cannon—into a saucer of flaming petrol. Cheers from the live audience.

But on the Tuesday, said producer Dick Lester, the trouble started. "I could hardly believe it when we got the first complaints. Dear old ladies accused us of being callous."

"TERRIBLY CRUEL"

It's not the first time Bentine has been in trouble over his flea circus. "I got five complaining letters when I introduced the first flea orchestra to British TV a while back. They said it was 'terribly cruel' to confine the fleas in a small box when they were not performing," Bentine said.

"But I can assure viewers that Hugo (winner of a recent Fleas Grand National) is healthy and happy," Bentine said.

Hugo incidentally, is so small he can't be seen.—U.P.I.

Splinter Restores Man's Sight After 25 Years

Helsingborg. FISHERMAN Alfred Svensson can thank a splinter of wood for restoring his sight after 25 years of blindness.

According to Stockholm newspapers the 72-year-old Svensson went to a doctor recently with a splinter embedded in his blind eye. The doctor removed the splinter of wood.

A few days later the bandage was removed and Svensson found that he could see again. His laconic comment: "It's wonderful; now I can work again as in the old days."—U.P.I.

Eviction Because Cat Dies

Bloomington. A family here in South Africa is threatened with eviction because the cat which owned its house has died.

The cat landlord was one of three cats left the property in the will of Mrs W. L. Kinsale several years ago. The will provided that the house be sold and part of the profits turned over to the local society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals on the death of the last cat.—U.P.I.

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



BELOW: A tall, straight, grey-haired man was shown to an obscure table in a London night-spot recently. He was King Gustav of Sweden (centre), and he was celebrating his 76th birthday. Half a dozen waiters hovered around him, as did Lord and Lady Mountbatten. He blushed when the band played "Happy Birthday." He is seen leaving the nightclub with Lady Mountbatten.

ABOVE: Pretty Susan Longfield, who was to have married Sussex cricketer Ted Dexter in April, models a dress in London's West End. Ted had an unexpected change of plan when the M.C.C. suddenly called for him to join the team in Australia. Says Susan: "We were to be married in April, but now it won't be until the spring of 1960."

★ ★ ★



ABOVE: Princess Anne, with Princess Margaret and Queen Elizabeth, looking on, shakes hands with Margot Fonteyn after her first introduction to the world of ballet at a gala matinee in London recently. She told Margot: "I like it all...I think it's just wonderful!"

★
RIGHT: The Oliviers, voted by many as London's most successful party givers, throw one recently for Lauren Bacall. The host and hostess took over a nightclub for their 150 guests, so, in a big ornate room with silk draperies, the guests were able to sit in comfort, eat and dance. Seen (l-r) Vivien Leigh, Lauren Bacall, Sir Lawrence and Kenneth More.



ABOVE: The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester at London Airport recently, shortly before flying off to Africa where they are touring Ethiopia, the Somaliland Protectorate and Aden.



ABOVE: The new Lord Mayor of London, Sir Harold Gillett, smiles from his coach during this year's Lord Mayor's show recently. This Golden Jubilee of the Territorial Army provided the theme for the display, and the 19 tableaux illustrated the T.A.'s history.



ABOVE: Yves St Laurent, successor to Christian Dior as designer for the Paris fashion house of Dior, put on his winter collection recently before Princess Margaret in Blenheim Palace, home of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough.

★
LEFT: This nine-year-old boy became a celebrity recently. His name is Ian MacLaine, hailed by film director John Huston as "the biggest discovery since Jackie Coogan." Ian has just finished a starring role in "The Boy and the Bridge," but says: "I think all this business about being a film star is rather exaggerated...Going to school is much harder work."

★
BELOW: Donald Campbell (centre) with mechanic Leo Villa and friend Miss Dory Swann after setting a new world water speed record of 248.62 miles per hour. Said Donald: "Just think of it. Five world records with one British-built boat... something no other machine has ever done on land, sea or air."



JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins



ROWNTREES
VIRO
THE CHOCOLATE THAT'S DIFFERENT

Camels Sometimes Bite by Logan Gourlay

Today: How they tried to stop the star walking out

There IS no business like show business; and no show business writer like LOGAN GOURLAY, who has written this, his first serial, for the China Mail. Ana Price is a star with statistics that are thought equivalent to talent. Scared by a fortune-teller's forecast that she will be disfigured by a camel bite, she quits a film.



PART TWO:—

HARRY LEVER, publicity director of Home and Hemisphere Films, sat down heavily and wearily behind his large steel desk.

It was in a small office on the top floor of Hemisphere Hall, head office of Home and Hemisphere Films in Soho Square, London.

He looked at the clock on the opposite wall and said to his secretary: "So the big boss was looking for me. So I'm late. So what? It's 8.30 on a filthy morning in miserable May and I'm late. According to old Evans."

"Why does everyone in this organisation have to start work in the middle of the night just because he's got insomnia?" Anyway, doesn't he know I was up half the night after the premiere looking after his drunken leading man?"

His secretary said: "There's a picture of him here in the Daily Film Ren-der at last Friday's premiere. It says Philip Oswald was immaculate in a scarlet-lined evening cloak."

Harry winced. "They should have seen him at four o'clock this morning. He was wearing that damned cloak and nothing else. He should have been a male strip-teaser, not an actor."

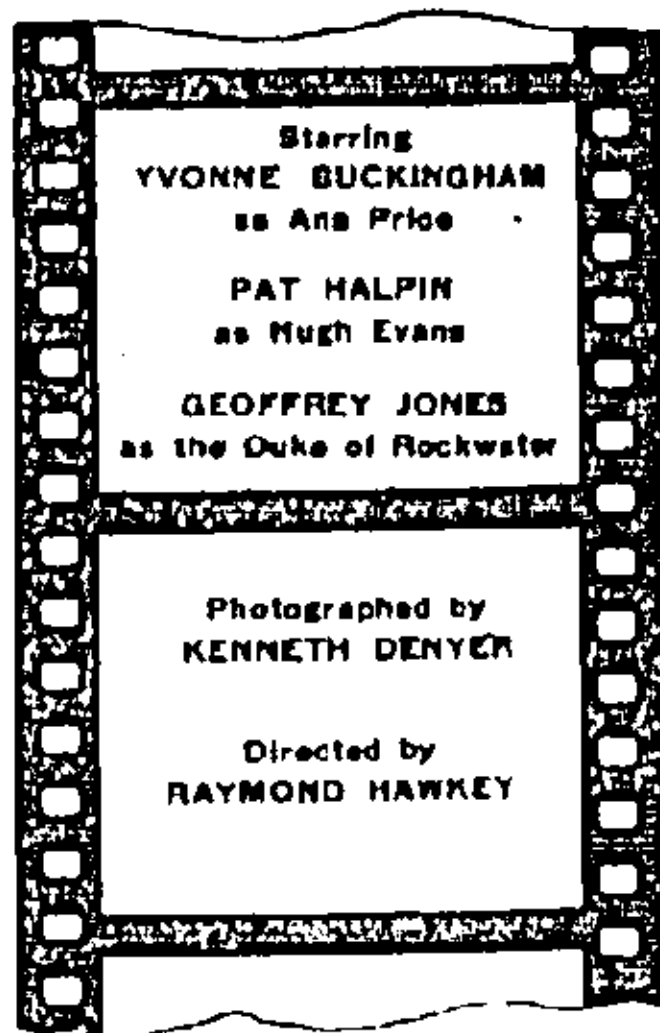
Whenever he gets too drunk off come the clothes. "One of these days little Oswald will be arrested. I'm going to tell old Evans I can't cope with him much longer. He needs a full-time bodyguard. I've got all the others to worry about. Including that bitch Price. What's the latest on that front? I suppose that's what old man Evans wanted me for."

Summons

The inter-office telephone rang. It was another summons from Mr Hugh Evans. Harry was on his way before his secretary had put the receiver down.



Scene 2... The location: Piccadilly



Evans was pacing the Wilton carpet which covered the floor of his large office. He motioned to Harry to sit down beside the reproduction period desk, which was bare except for telephones, dictograph, a penholder, inkstand, and a silver-framed photograph of Evans shaking hands with Prince Philip at the Royal Film Performance.

Evans prided himself on keeping his desk cleared for action at all times.

He was straight-backed and plumpish, with flat, thinning hair, pale blue eyes, and a ruddy complexion that varied in shade according to his blood pressure. He looked more like a gentleman farmer than a film executive.

He was a leading example of the theory cherished by the British film industry that its leaders should be upstanding men from other fields with no practical knowledge of film-making.

Mr Evans was a banker by profession who had joined Hemisphere Films in one of the frequent periods of financial crisis. He was an expert in the manipulation of balance sheets.

Missing

He allowed Harry ten minutes to gaze uncomfortably at the top of the bare desk, then he barked: "You know I insist that all my staff start work at 8 a.m., but I've no time to ask for an explanation or why you were late this morning. I want to know what's happening about this woman Price."

"She hasn't reported for work again this morning. This'd be the second day. The whole unit's standing idle at the studios. I've already invested £350,000. In this damned film, it's got to be finished. What have you told the Press?"

"I've managed to stall them. Said she was indisposed."

"Indisposed!" Evans thundered. "She's round the bend. I thought I told you to know some sense into her when you saw her last night. You're supposed to be able to handle these stars."

Harry stood up to face Evans as he turned to pace back from the opposite wall.

"I'm sorry, H.E." (he tried to get the right note of deference

into H.E., which Evans preferred to Sir, because it also stood for His Excellency). "I'm sorry. But she needs a psychiatrist, not a publicity man."

"She's convinced if she goes on with the film she'll be disfigured for life. Bitten by the ruddy camel. It would be very funny if it wasn't so tragic."

"Sure I told her the camel's an old crock from the circus. I told her it couldn't bite its way through a stoneless date. But she's completely sold on that old fortune-teller. She thinks the old dame's a witch with uncanny powers. Maybe she's right."

No bribe

Evans sat down at his desk and held his head in his hands. A study in frustrated megalomania.

"Don't you start. I sent you there yesterday to make the old woman change her mind. You sound as though you'd fallen under her spell too."

"Not me. But the old dame's a weird one. She's convinced she's the oracle. And a lot of these half-witted actresses are ready to believe her."

"You can't reason with her. Once she says something's going to happen she sticks to it."

"Course I offered a little money, like you said. I even doubled the £1,000 you mentioned. But she's incorruptible."

"Anyway, she says if she accepted bribes the luck would turn bad on her. She'd be a doomed woman. It's hopeless, H.E."

A conference

Harry watched his boss closely. Evans picked up a paper clip and pulled it straight. His voice was almost calm when he said: "It's farcical. Ludicrous. I'd never have believed this could happen to me."

"I talked to that bitch Price myself yesterday. But I must have been too reasonable. I've told my secretary to get her here at eleven o'clock this morning, but the bitch said she couldn't be here till six tonight. I suppose we'll just have to wait."

At five p.m. precisely he pressed a lever and called his secretary. If Upjohn, Mr Mills, and Mr Burton had arrived from the studios. They had. They were summoned to conference.

Stanley F. (for Francis) Upjohn was the director and Sammy Mills the producer of "No Oasis," the film which lay under the fortune-teller's curse.

Mr David Jess Burton held the title of personal assistant to Mr Evans. No one, including Mr Burton, knew exactly where his duties started, and where they ended. In the studios he was known maliciously as Jess the Yemman, or Jess the Procurer. His salary was £5,000 a year.

They trooped into the room nodded respectfully to Evans, and took up positions in chairs round the desk.

Evans surveyed them gloomily and said: "I don't have to tell you we're facing a major crisis. I've been discussing it with Lever all day. This film can't be held up any longer. We must take drastic action right away."

"We will, H.E." said Mr Burton. "We'll do something."

Upjohn, a short, bespectacled man with a tendency to slutter in moments of stress, said slowly: "We can't shoot round the Price woman. We've got less than half to do, but she's in every scene. Can't use a double, either. There are no long shots."

Evans glared at him. "I know. I know. What we have to do is get her back, immediately."

Mills, jovial, plump, and Czech in origin, said in his slightly accented, fatly fractured English: "Drastic is what you say, H.E., and drastic is what I make to suggest. Do you consider the possibility of the re-shoot with a new girl? We use the unknown at £30 a week. And we've no percentage to pay to Price."

Evans thumped the desk. "What about the £350,000 we've already spent on this film? How do we get that back? Re-shooting is out of the question. Anyway, where do we find another girl?"

A stand-in

"I've just the girl," said Evans.

The Mills protégé was a red-headed graduate of a model-school. He had signed her under personal contract at £15 a week, and she was installed in a cosy bed-sitter not a stone's throw from his own flat in Eaton-square.

A knock on the door interrupted the conference. The second secretary of Mr Evans came into the room hesitantly.

She said: "I'm sorry to disturb you, Mr Evans. But I've just had a message from Miss Price's secretary."

"It seems Miss Price won't be able to keep the appointment. She's gone to the airport to catch a plane tonight. She's going to the Cannes Film Festival."

Evans stared at her for a moment, unwilling to believe his ears. Then came the eruption. He threw out his arms in a gesture of fury, knocking over his silver-framed photograph of the Royal Film performance.

He started for the door shouting: "She can't do this to me. I forbid it. I'll stop her at the airport. I'll see that she doesn't leave the country, the half-breed Hollywood whore."

The others followed him in uneasy procession.

A warning

When he reached the door of his outer office his third secretary ran after him saying: "It's the studios, Mr Evans. They say they must speak to you on the phone, urgently. It's very important."

Evans wheeled round. "I can't talk to them now. Don't you realise what's happened? I must get to the airport."

"You talk to them, Burton. The rest of you had better come with me. We'll hold her back by force if necessary."

As the Bentley containing Evans, Upjohn, Mills, and Burton turned off Soho-square towards Oxford-street, an agitated Burton rushed out of Hemisphere Hall. He ran after the Bentley waving his arms.

He was shouting something about a camel.

NEXT WEEK:
The camel bites



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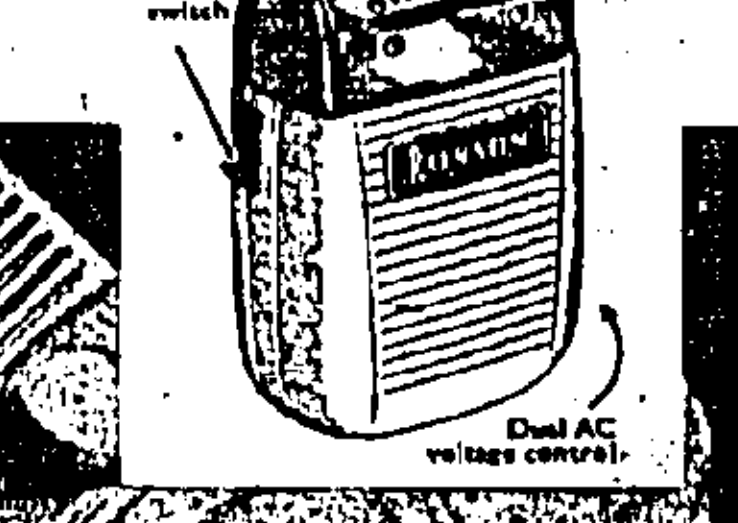
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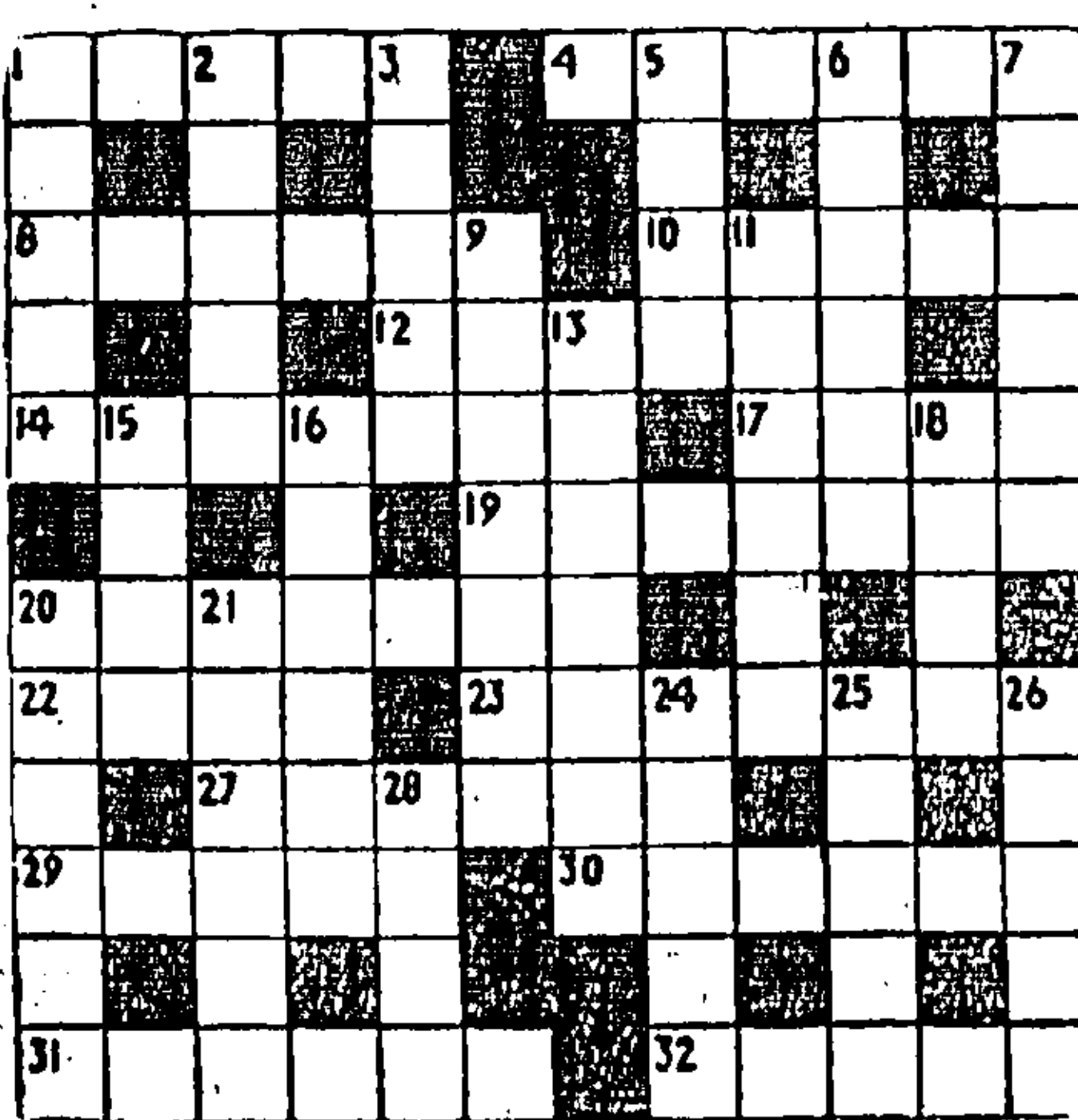
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A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- 1 Claymore, for example, (5).
 - 4 Very hot, (3).
 - 6 Baffling as No 11 (2, 4).
 - 10 Beer back in the "Royal" (5).
 - 12 Run out of crates (6).
 - 14 He's not in favour (7).
 - 17 You're looking at one just now (4).
 - 19 Radio family (7).
 - 22 Oriental ch'etain in semi-retirement (4).
 - 23 City on the edge, maybe (7).
 - 25 Is able and accomplished, to be frank (9).
 - 29 Name for Ernie's girl? (5).
 - 30 The answer's like a lemon! (1).
 - 31 Records, (5).
 - 32 Sooty hair (3).
- DOWN**
- 1 Where, in Ireland, I depart finally (5).
 - 2 Deck or cut (5).
 - 3 Long-players, perhaps (5).
 - 5 Yours and mine (4).
 - 6 Entertain (6).
 - 7 Digs with many fairies (6).
 - 9 Had a discussion and I did for the drinks (7).
 - 11 Does he cut his work to the acid test? (6).
 - 13 Wayward (7).
 - 15 Transport vehicle of the early ages (4).
 - 16 What the winner of the race did to the runner-up (6).
 - 18 Sky bear (4).
 - 20 Cherry-coloured (9).
 - 21 As pleasant as could be (6).
 - 24 Decree in prediction (5).
 - 26 Pluck shown in inner Verdur (5).
 - 28 Connections for golfers (6).
 - 30 Close to being stingy, (4).

FRIDAY'S SOLUTION—Across: 3 Cab-stand, 6 Sloop, 9 Isolator, 11 Evermore, 13 Aps, 16 Con-ests, 18 Re-enters, 19 Pass, 21 Cam-I-sole, 25 National, 26 Wreck, 27 Hindmost, Down: 1 Isle, 2 Fire, 4 Also, 5 Safe, 6 Acres, 7 Duck, 9 Ember, 10 Orate, 12 Viola, 14 Peril, 16 Sedan, 17 Snail, 19 Punch, 20 Sat-in, 21 Corm, 22 Mass, 23 Omen, 24 Easy.

"Nelson Is Always Acting On His Environment..." - His Brother Laurance

NELSON - POLITICAL TIGER

What's in a name? Nelson Rockefeller, who recently carried the GOP banner against Averell Harriman for the Governorship of New York, and won, feels that the American people "judge people by what they are, regardless of where they came from." In today's instalment of "The Fabulous Rockefeller Dynasty" it is told how Nelson Rockefeller fared in Washington with such men as Maj.-Gen. "Wild Bill" Donovan and J. Edgar Hoover.

By JOHN WATSON

WHEN Nelson Rockefeller first appeared in Washington in 1940 at the age of 32 those professional politicians who bothered to look up his record were unimpressed.

The chief nugget of information appeared to be that Nelson taught a Sunday School class for little girls in his four years at Dartmouth.

This was a black year of Nazi conquest — Dunkirk, collapse of France — and against that Nelson's job seemed relatively insignificant. He was co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs for President Roosevelt.

It was not long before Nelson began acting on his environment in a way that astounded Washington. He tangled in a high-level fight with Maj.-Gen. "Wild Bill" Donovan — and won. And in so doing he slipped down the President's list of "Wild Bill's" demand to control information to Latin America.

BATTLE OF PRIORITIES
Wild Bill was Co-ordinator of Information then — his operation later became the high-level Office of Strategic Services — and he was no lame cat. Jimmy Roosevelt was his assistant. The scrap began over information to Latin America.

Nelson said no. He knew as much about Latin America as any man in this country and he was one of the few that Latin Americans called a friend.

Later he established the American International Association for Economic and Social Development and the International Basic Economy Corp., directed toward Latin American aid and trade, and into which he and his brothers put nearly \$10,000,000.



Nelson addressing a gathering as Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs.

But at this time he was working closely with J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI, in ferreting out and neutralising cells of Nazi infiltration South of the border.

So he said to Donovan: "Bill, let's go to the President and get this settled."

Donovan said to Rockefeller that didn't seem necessary, but if Nelson wanted to carry out further why didn't he consult with Jimmy?

"Bill," said Nelson, "you're head of your office and I'm head of mine. I'm not going to settle this with some agent of yours. From now on, it's no holds barred."

The President decided for Nelson.

In 1945, as Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs, Rockefeller attended the San Francisco conference out of which the United Nations was born.

For 10 days of manoeuvre and obstinacy he held out for a principle — and won again — despite the hostility of the top brass of the State Department and the open irritation of John Foster Dulles, who was present as an adviser.

Nelson's conviction was that the authority to be granted the UN Security Council could not be permitted to nullify the principle of regional defence.

This was the principle that an attack against one would be considered an attack against all, and it had been affirmed by the American republics at the Chapultepec Conference in Mexico, which he had attended.

It became bitterly evident to the opposition that Nelson was on the barricades to stay. Hatred and Sassen gave them a face-saving way out.

When you consider that Nelson was a Republican in a Democratic administration (Harry Truman had just become President) his victory was an impressive recognition of his skill and tenacity.

Later some of the fair-minded men who had opposed him acknowledged that his principle of regional defence was the principle that created NATO.

The golden bugle, which is the summons of their heritage to the five Rockefeller brothers to seek and meet a social, civic or philanthropic challenge in service to the community or country, has now called the second oldest of the brothers into the melee of politics.

He is a vigorous 50 as he entered the arena that no Rockefeller ever entered before, a compact, healthy 5 feet 10½, 165 pounds and possessed of a seemingly inexhaustible energy.

Nelson was reminiscing in his office on the 50th floor of 30 Rockefeller Plaza of his days of battle in Washington, San Francisco and New York, and he was savouring them all over again.

It had been a casual question that set him off. He has served under three Presidents — Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower — but it was the times of conflict, of winning against odds, that he recalled with the vividness of past delights.

One of the big questions people were asking as he squared off with Averell of New York was: Would he fight? — He did.

His life has been a series of energetic responses to a series of challenges — acting on his environment, as Laurance put it. This man likes a fight.

"Of course I fought," he said. "I don't see how anyone could seek public office without expecting a fight. It never occurred to me that I wouldn't have to fight."

"It's part of the American political system, and I consider the American two-party system the best in the world. Sure I fought."

The next question followed naturally. Did he feel that the Rockefeller name was against him?

He had been lounging, legs crossed, and arm resting on the back of one of those marvellously comfortable modern chairs.

A Result painting, "The Judge," leered down upon him corruptly from a wall; two wooden sculptures of female heads regarded him with composure from window ledges; a whimsical line made of rope remained indifferent atop shelves packed with books on government; the art objects evidence of his interest in contemporary and primitive, the books evidence of a consuming intellectual curiosity.

Now he shifted position, uncrossed his legs and leaned forward, his strong hands formed in half fists on his knees. One had a moment's illusion that he was on a boxer's stool, awaiting the bell.

"No one has asked me before how I feel about that," he said. "But some of my acquaintances have told me how I ought to feel. They told me a Rockefeller couldn't hope to be either nominated or elected."

"So I said to myself: 'Well, let's find out.'"

"My son Steve has just graduated from Princeton. In his senior year he was elected to a high office. I don't tell you this out of pride, although I am proud, of course."

"But those college students didn't vote for him because of his name. In fact, they tend to walk away from just a name. They voted for him because of what he was."

"I believe the American people acted the same way. I believe they judge people by what they are, regardless of where they came from."

He kept weaving back to this theme, phrasing it in different ways. "People judge people for themselves." "It is not nearly so important to Americans whether a man is self-

made or inherits money, as it he could do in re-organising the is what kind of a man he is."

"I suppose," he said after a scramble of agencies, out of course, "that some men who of Health, Education and Welfare."

Nelson had served for 20 years as a member of the Board of Health of Westchester County, where the Rockefeller Foundation Hills estate is situated.

He began that service when the powerful county Republican boss, William Ward, came to him and said:

"Look here, young man, you live in this county. The county you know the score. They can be rough sometimes."

He grinned.

"It's also good training for press conferences and TV question panels."

The next question was semi-villily. Why has he chosen politics as his answer to the golden bugle? He already had given a large part of the answer. As for the rest, it was very much like asking a newspaperman why he was in love with this hectic business.

How are you going to reply without sounding like a nautilus idiot? But Nelson gave it.

"Well," he said, "let's face it. We've been very lucky as a family. And we owe a tremendous obligation and a debt to the country that gave us the opportunity."

"Yes, but politics?"

"I've always liked people," he said. "I've always liked competition."

He grinned again.

"When I was a junior in college, I ran for class president. My opponent and I were mixing it up in fine shape when a third candidate entered, split the vote and won."

"And I've always been fascinated by government. I think I've had some good experience in it."

Besides the jobs already mentioned, Rockefeller served President Truman as chairman of Point Four's advisory board, an appointment arising out of Nelson's experience in administering a kind of private government in a vast public health, rural rehabilitation and stimulating the economy of Latin American nations.

One Latin American journalist had written of his efforts: "There is not one dissident voice among all Washington envoys when they refer to his efforts and honesty, intelligence and good will."

He was a natural, therefore, for the job Truman tapped him for, just as he was a natural in 1953 when President Eisenhower asked him to see what

Organisation — that is one of the key words in Nelson's approach to any problem. It happens to be also one of the outstanding traits of all the Rockefeller brothers. The Rockefeller family detests waste — of money, effort or talent.

"If you have a clear sense of direction and purpose," Nelson said, "and if you can get capable people around you, you can really do things. That is my idea of government."

The windows of the Rockefeller office look north. From then you can see the Hudson River way beyond the George Washington Bridge to where it twists behind a jut of the Palisades, pointing — toward Albany.

There are times when Nelson must look north from those windows, and in his mind's eye he must be able to follow one of the most beautiful rivers in all the world to the state capital.

But there will be no zigging or zagging in his approach. Since he acts so vigorously on his environment, there is no reason to suppose he will not act as energetically on his destiny, too.

(Next Saturday: The daring philosopher, Laurance).

WHAT IS LAURANCE?

What is the secret behind Laurance Rockefeller's contemplative amusement over things and men?

Is he a conservationist or fabulously successful exploiter? Does his restless abandonment of "sure thing" investments hide the spectre of boredom or reveal the true philanthropist?

For answers to these and other questions about the Rockefeller family, don't miss the fourth instalment of "The Fabulous Rockefeller Dynasty—Today" in next Saturday's China Mail.



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"ALL PRESENT?—THEN LET BATTLE COMMENCE..."

London Business Edition

Safe in Switzerland with the three children she helped to rescue, Nanny Hazeldine reveals now for the first time how she escaped from the Bagdad massacre

ROYAL MURDER: The truth

Nanny Hazeldine's own story

A TWINKLING, white-haired English nanny, Mrs Florence Hazeldine, gave me the first personal, close-up report on how King Faisal and other members of Iraq's royal family were shot down by the army rebels on the steps of the palace in Bagdad.

The lurid horror of this assassination is matched only by the slaughter of the Russian

royal house by the Bolsheviks in 1918. Mrs Hazeldine, aged 60, is nanny to the three young children of Princess Badia, King Faisal's aunt. From the balcony of their villa she saw the palace attacked.

To keep the children calm, Nanny Hazeldine encouraged them to play cowboys

From FRANK GOLDSWORTHY
Lausanne.

and Indians. Then, amid the real gunfire, an aide escaped the palace massacre, hampered on the villa door and shouted: "Fly for your lives. The rebels will be after you next."

Nanny Hazeldine helped Princess Badia, her husband Sherif Hussein and the children

to escape to Switzerland. Nanny came to England. For two months she waited to hear from them.

Then Sherif Hussein phoned and said: "The boys want their nanny. How soon can you come to us here?" Mrs Hazeldine rejoined the family in Switzerland and told me her story.

I SAW FAISAL'S BATTLE

by...
F. W. Hazeldine

SUNDAY, July 13 last, was one of those happy, busy days which come in the life of a royal nanny. Everything was going just right.

Nothing seemed further removed from the tragedy and terror we were to face next day.

We were all looking forward to beginning a holiday trip to England. King Faisal had chartered a plane to take the party first to Istanbul and then to Europe.

With him were going my employers—32-year-old Princess Badia (King Faisal's aunt and sister of Crown Prince Abdul Ilah) and her husband, Sherif Hussein, their three young sons, and myself.

The king's grandmother and two other aunts would also be in the party, and in England Faisal was to meet his fiancée, Princess Fawziyah, and formally announce their engagement. I was looking forward to seeing MY son and daughter and their families.

Magician At Work

Most of the packing was done and much of the luggage had gone on ahead.

So there was time that Sunday evening for me to accept King Faisal's invitation to take the children—Mohammed, aged seven, Abdullah, aged six, and curly-haired, two-year-old Ali—



Royal story-time—Nanny Hazeldine reads to (from left) Mohammed, Ali and Abdullah.

to watch an Indian magician perform in the royal palace 600 yards down the road from our villa in Bagdad.

Sherif Hussein (the title Sherif indicates a noble family) went too and so did the Crown Prince, with restless little Ali wriggling on his lap.

I always liked King Faisal. He was 23 and the nicest boy you could meet—quiet, courteous, sincere, and easy to get on with. He treated me like one of his family.

At the end of the magician's show the king did two card tricks and then I took the children home.

King Faisal went off with the Sherif to see "The Pajama Game" in his private cinema. He saw a film almost every evening, but he had no taste for Bagdad's night spots.

I was up at four next morning. There was final packing to do and I wanted the children ready in good time for the plane at 8 a.m.

About 5.30 I heard firing in the distance, but there is a barracks not far away and I thought little of it. Then it got louder and I heard the stut of Tommy-guns—not the single shots you hear on a rifle range.

Lorries Line Up

While the children were being consoled to get on with their breakfast I looked outside and saw little puffs of dust kicking up in the road. Bullets. I knew that from what I had seen on the films.

In the corridor I met Princess Badia. She said: "There are troops round the palace. I am afraid it is serious."

We went out to the villa balcony and through the morning heat haze it was possible, with binoculars, to see a few soldiers lying on the ground, tin hats towards us, and firing us from defensive positions. But the main attack was clearly on the other side.

Policeman

Firing was almost continuous, but it was difficult to tell how the battle was going. Strangely, though, the phones were working, and Sherif managed to get through to an aide—an army officer—in a barracks-room inside the palace grounds.

This officer told us that a brigade of some 2,000 men was surrounding the palace and demanding the king's surrender. We saw the defenders retreating inside the palace, firing as they went.

The Sherif managed to get through on the phone to the royal family. They were grouped somewhere inside the palace, probably in a main corridor which has no windows.

Princess Badia spoke by phone to her mother, 76-year-old ex-Queen Haide, grandmother of King Faisal. They comforted each other.

Then the princess spoke to the king. He was calm



Princess Fawziyah who was engaged to King Faisal—she is still at her parents' home in Paris.

calm and said: "Do you need protection? Shall I send some of my guards?"

The princess told him that we had only a policeman standing outside the gate, but nobody seemed interested in attacking us. The king needed all the guards he had—and many more.

The Sherif took the phone again and said: "Sir, is there anything I can do?" The king, whose courage never seemed to waver, replied: "No, your duty is to look after your wife and children. Don't worry about us."

We believe that, alone, the king might have slipped out unnoticed at the side of the palace but he would not leave the women.

So that was the last we—or anyone else in the outside world—ever heard from that gallant young man.

All this time two of the children, Mohammed and Abdullah, were excited by the noise of firing and playing cowboys and Indians upstairs.

They shouted "Bang, bang, bang—you're dead" at each other while real guns were taking lives a few hundred yards up the road.

I encouraged the boys in their game. It kept their attention off reality and prevented them seeing how scared the rest of us were.

The noise increased. From the balcony we saw a bomb burst near the royal stables.

Then black smoke belched out of Queen Nafisa's room. A few moments later smoke poured out of a window on the other side.

The troops were firing an anti-tank bazooka.

It was still only 8 a.m.—the time we expected to be taking off for our holiday with a Lon-

don flat waiting and booked for three months.

The firing died away. Only now and then did we hear a few single shots, or a short burst.

Phone silent

What frightened us more than anything else was the fact that we could get no answer now from the palace phone.

We realised the battle must be over. But we never thought the army—for this was no excitement-crazed mob—would murder their king.

We thought he would probably be bundled off to exile. The Sherif decided we must be ready to go with him.

Our bags were loaded into the car. I got the boys ready, telling them we were off now on holiday.

Suddenly our nerves were shattered by a loud thumping on the villa door. A man shouted and screamed to be admitted.

He was a minor official from the palace, exhausted, drenched in perspiration, his eyes wide with terror, his speech barely coherent.

He pleaded between sobs, "Fly for your lives; don't delay a moment. They have murdered everyone at the palace. They will be after you next."

Gradually we got his story. A loyal colonel had advised the king there was no hope of rescue.

With many of his guard lying dead or wounded in the palace the king had said: "I am going to stop this fighting. No more must die for me."

The king sent an aide out under a white flag saying he was prepared to surrender and asking for a safe conduct for his family and household.

An officer from the rebel brigade entered the palace with the aide and said: "Follow me. I shall escort you to your cars."

The king gathered his household around him. The whole party totalled between 25 and 30.

Besides the old queen and the 43-year-old crown prince there was the crown prince's wife, Princess Hiyam, a pretty girl of 26, and Princess Abdila—sister of my princess, aunt of the king and daughter of the old queen.

Princess Abdila was 52, a kindly spinster who helped orphan families. She had three young children, all orphans, with her that morning.

It was probably because these children died in the slaughter that word went round the world that Prin-

cess Badia's children had been killed. Maybe it prevented a more intensive hunt for them.

In front of the palace a wide flight of steps leads down to a courtyard with a fountain in the centre.

This courtyard and palace doorways were littered with the bodies of defenders and attackers as the king led his party out.

Arms linked

The royal family went down the steps linked in a line and facing their enemies.

On the left was Princess Hiyam, white-faced in the scorching heat. She was holding the hand of her husband and he was helping the old queen down the steps.

Above her head the old lady held the Koran—the Moslems' sacred book which is itself a plea for sanctuary.

On her right, with a protecting arm around her, was King Faisal and holding his right hand, with the three orphan children close behind her, was Princess Abdila.

Behind them came the rest of the household.

The rebel officer was a few paces ahead, a Tommy gun under his arm. Other troops from the rebel brigade lined the courtyard.

Without warning the officer swung round, raised his Tommy gun, and fired a long burst into the royal group.

From all round the courtyard came a further murderous blaze of bullets.

Three escape

So far as I know only three people escaped—the official who got clear to warn us, a Turkish cook who reached the Turkish Embassy, and Princess Hiyam.

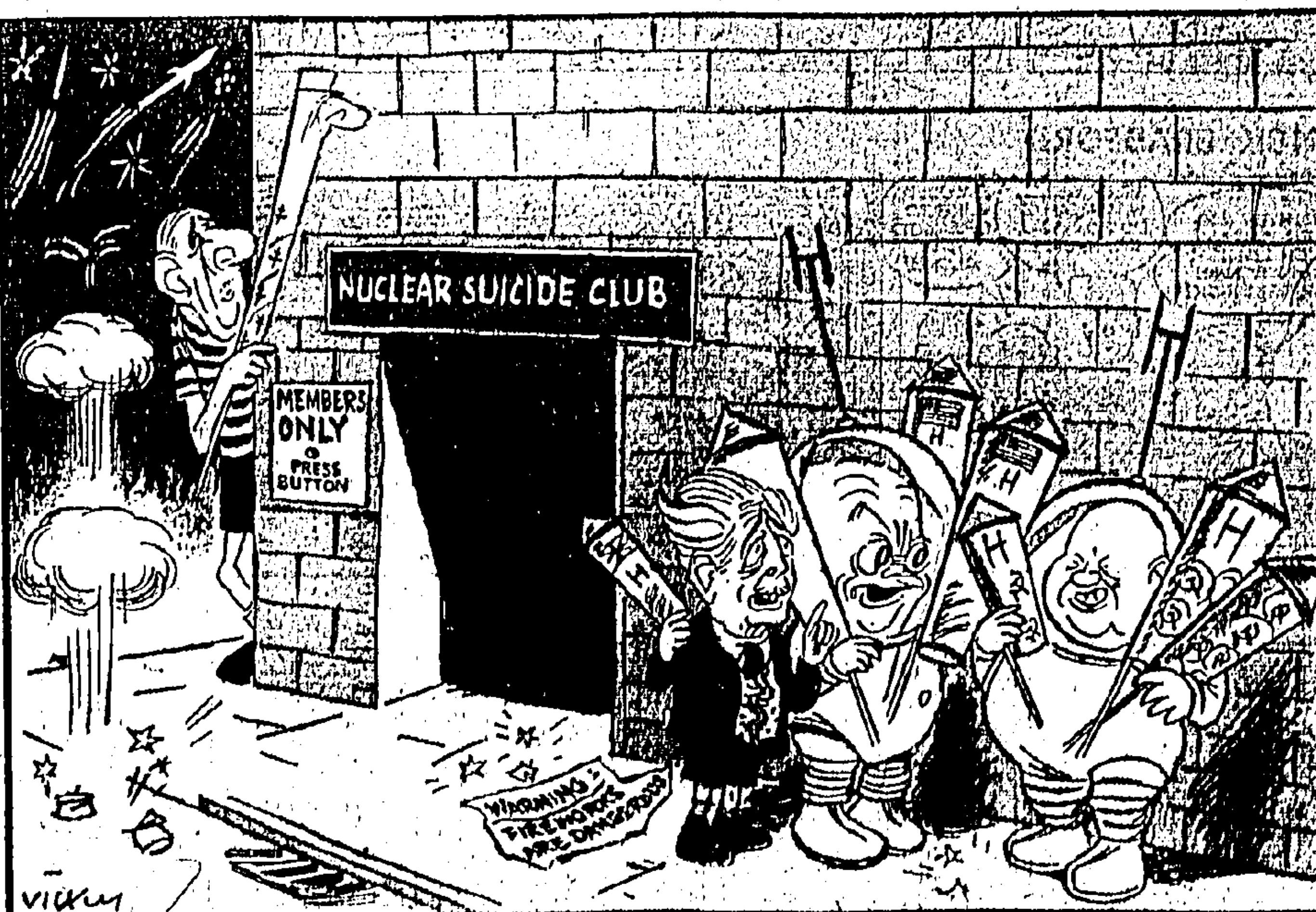
She was hit in the thigh by the first bullets and propped against a wall to be killed later. Then she pretended to be only a friend of the royal family and was sent to hospital.

As the man from the palace sobbed out his story my poor Princess Badia was near collapse. At a single stroke she had lost her mother, her brother, a sister, her nephew the king, and a host of friends.

"Go, please go," sobbed the man from the palace, Sherif Hussein said: "I think he is right. Let us go at once."

MONDAY

Nanny Hazeldine tells of "the most frightening 36 hours of my life."



"What—bombs forgiven? It wouldn't be fair to the children of the future..."

London Express Service

Could it be Roundworms?

Microscopic roundworm eggs are everywhere. In vegetables, fruit, water. Even in the best ordered families there is always the danger of infection. And children are most liable to attack. They don't realise the dangers in uncooked foods and contaminated water.

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

A KNITTED PIXIE

Materials:

3 ozs. Emu Zephyr 3 ply Botany or Scotch 3 ply in Honey Beige for Body. Small Balls of Emu Zephyr 3 ply Botany in Red, Blue and Yellow for Clothes. Small Ball for Cap. A few yards of Brown wool for Hair and Eyebrows. Small pieces of Black and White Felt for Eyes. One pair each of size 9 and 14 Emu Knitting Needles. One set of 4 size 11 Emu Knitting Needles with points at both ends. Small piece of Narrow Elastic.

Measurements:

15 inches in height, from top of Cap to Feet.

Tension:

8 stitches to 1 inch using double wool on size 14 needles.

Abbreviations:

K, knit; P, purl; Sts., stitches; Cast off, casting off; Dec., decrease; Inc., increase; Rep., repeat; Row, row; Turn, turn; N.B., Note. Wool is used double for the body and single for the clothes.

Body (Front)

4. Using size 14 needles and double honey beige wool, cast on 34 sts. Work 4 inches in st. st. (1 row k, 1 row p) ending with a p. row. Leave on a spare needle.

Body (Back)

Work as for Front Body + 10 +. Work a further 12 in., ending with a p. row.

Divide for Legs

Next row K. to end, then k. 17 sts. from front with right side of work facing, turn and p. across these 17 sts. then p. across 17 sts. from back. Turn and work on these 34 sts. Dec. 1 st. at each end of every k. row until 24 sts. remain. Continue straight until work measures 3 inches from division of legs, ending at front (i.e. shorter part of body).

Next row Work 12, turn. Continue on these 12 sts. for 10 rows then dec. 1 st. at both ends of all rows until 2 sts.

remain. Cast off. Return to remaining 12 sts. and dec. 1 st. at both ends of all rows until 6 sts. remain. Now inc. 1 st. at both ends of all row until there are 12 sts. then dec. 1 st. at both ends of all row until 2 sts. remain. Cast off. Rejoin double wool and work on other 24 sts. to correspond.

Left Arm

Using size 14 needles and double honey beige wool, cast on 20 sts. Working 1½ inches in st. st., ending with a p. row. +

Next row K. 10, k. 2 tog., k. 2 tog.

Next row P. 8, turn. Work on last set of sts. dec. 1 st. at each end of every k. row until 4 sts. remain, then inc. 1 st. at both ends of every k. row until there are 10 sts. Continue in st. st. on the 20 sts. for 1½ inches, ending with a p. row.

SHAPE HAND

1st row K. 1, k. twice into next st., rep. from 1 to last 2 sts., k. 2.

2nd row P. 3, (k. twice into next st.) twice, k. to end.

3rd row K. 13, (k. twice into next st.) twice, k. to end.

4th row P. 12, (k. twice into next st.) twice, k. to end.

5th row K. 13, k. twice into next st., k. 2, k. twice into next st., k. to end.

6th row P. 12, (k. twice into next st.) twice, k. to end.

7th row K. 13, k. twice into next st., k. 2, k. twice into next st., k. to end.

8th row P. 22, turn.

9th row K. 9, turn.

Work 5 rows on these 9 sts. Next row (K. 1, k. 2 tog.) 3 times.

Next row P. 6, break off wool, thread end through sts. and draw up. Rejoin wool with wrong side facing at base of thumb, p. to end. Work 8 rows in st. st. on remaining 20 sts.

Next row (K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 2, k. 2 tog., k. 3, k. 2 tog.) twice. Next row P.

Next row K. 2 tog., k. 2, rep. from 1 to end.

Divide sts. on two needles and graft together.

Right Arm

Work as for Left Arm as far as +. Next row K. 2 tog., k. 2, k. 2 tog., turn. Next row P. 8, turn.

Work on first set of sts. dec. 1 st. at each end of every k. row until 4 sts. remain, then inc.



1 st. at both ends of every k. row until there are 10 sts. Continue in st. st. on the 20 sts. shaping hand and thumb as given for left arm.

Head

Using size 14 needles and double honey beige wool, cast on 12 sts. Work in st. st. inc. 1 st. at both ends of every row until there are 34 sts. Continue straight in st. st. until head measures 5½ inches from cast on. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of every k. row until 14 sts. remain, then inc. 1 st. at both ends of every k. row until there are 34 sts. Work 8 inches in st. st. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 12 sts. remain. Cast off.

Neck

Using size 14 needles, and double honey beige wool, cast on 20 sts. Work ¾ inch in st. st. Cast off.

Ears (two alike)

Using size 14 needles, and single honey beige wool, cast on

pushing extra stuffing in place for cheeks. Sew head firmly to neck. Outline mouth with red wool. Gather all round edges of nose, stuff with small pieces of stuffing, draw up and sew neatly in place. Cut two ovals of white felt and 2 small circles of black felt. Glue black circles in centre of white ovals and stick into position on face. Embroider eyebrows and hair with brown wool. Wind a length of honey beige wool rather lightly round the wrist and make fingers by over-sewing the ends of the hands in three places with same wool. Fold square for ear into triangle, fold over a corner for the top, then gather up this side and half of other straight side. Make a stitch round the knitting and sew lower corner to this stitch to form lobe. Attach to head at side seam slightly below the level of eyes.

Jumper

Using two size 11 needles and single red wool, cast on 34 sts. Work 4 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Change to size 9 needles and work 2 inches in st. st. Cast on 20 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows for sleeves. Work 2 inches in st. st., ending with a p. row. Next row K. 22 sts., turn. Next row P.

Rep. last 2 rows once. Break wool, slip centre 30 sts. onto a safety pin, join wool to remaining 4 sts. and k. to end. Work 3 more rows on these sts., then cast on 30 sts. and k. across 22 sts. left previously. Continue in st. st. until work measures 4 inches from sleeve cast on. Cast off at beg. of next 2 rows. Work 2 inches in st. st. ending with a p. row. Change to size 11 needles and work 4 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Cast off.

Neckband

Using the set of 4 size 11 needles and with right side of work facing, k. 30 sts. from safety pin, pick up and k. 4 sts. from side of neck, pick up and k. 30 sts. that were cast on in front and 4 sts. from other side of neck. Work in rounds of k. 1, p. 1 rib for ¾ inch. Cast off loosely in rib.

Cuffs

Using two size 11 needles, pick up and k. 25 sts. along wrist edge of sleeve. Work 4 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Cast off in rib.

To make up

Press lightly with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Join side and sleeve seams.

Trousers

Using size 9 needles, and single blue wool, cast on 38 sts. Work 1 inch in st. st. Now dec. 1 st. at both ends of next 3 alt. rows. Work 1 inch in st. st. Next Row K. 1, + k. 2 tog.,

w.f., k. 2, rep. from + 7 times, k. 1. Work 3 more rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Cast off in rib. Make a second piece in the same way.

To make up

Press with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Join short seams on both legs, then join legs together. Thread elastic through holes at waist. Make a ¼ inch hem on each trouser leg and slip st. down onto wrong side.

Scarf

Using size 9 needles, and single yellow wool, cast on 30 sts., and work in garter st. (every row k.) until a square is formed. Cast off.

Cap

Using the set of 4 size 11 needles and single blue wool, cast on 72 sts. Work 4 rounds in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Now work in st. st. for 1 inch.

1st dec. round + K. 10, k. 2 tog., rep. from + to end of round.

Work ½ inch in st. st. after each dec. round.

2nd dec. round + K. 9, k. 2 tog., rep. from + to end of round.

3rd dec. round + K. 8, k. 2 tog., rep. from + to end of round.

4th dec. round + K. 7, k. 2 tog., rep. from + to end of round.

5th dec. round + K. 6, k. 2 tog., rep. from + to end of round.

6th dec. round + K. 5, k. 2 tog., rep. from + to end of round.

7th dec. round + K. 4, k. 2 tog., rep. from + to end of round.

8th dec. round + K. 3, k. 2 tog., rep. from + to end of round.

9th dec. round + K. 2, k. 2 tog., rep. from + to end of round.

K. 3 rounds. Break off wool, leaving a long end. Thread end through sts., draw up and fasten off. Sew up seam.

Shoes

Using two size 11 needles, and single red wool, cast on 32 sts. Work 4 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Change to size 9 needles and work 1 inch in st. st., ending with a p. row.

1st row (k. 6, sl. 1, k. 1, p. 5, o., k. 2 tog., k. 0) twice. 2nd and alternate rows P. 3rd row (K. 5, sl. 1, k. 1, p. 5, o., k. 2 tog., k. 5) twice.

Continue thus, working 1 st. less at beg. and end of groups on alt. rows until 8 sts. remain. Break wool, thread end through sts., draw up and fasten off. Sew up seam neatly to form centre front of shoe. Embroider a yellow bow on front of each shoe.

SHAPE TOE

1st row (k. 6, sl. 1, k. 1, p. 5, o., k. 2 tog., k. 0) twice. 2nd and alternate rows P. 3rd row (K. 5, sl. 1, k. 1, p. 5, o., k. 2 tog., k. 5) twice.

Continue thus, working 1 st. less at beg. and end of groups on alt. rows until 8 sts. remain. Break wool, thread end through sts., draw up and fasten off. Sew up seam neatly to form centre front of shoe. Embroider a yellow bow on front of each shoe.



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A Good Beef Stew!

By ALICE DENHOFF

ISN'T it fortunate that some of the dishes most liked by men are so easily prepared?

For example, a delicious stew can be made without having to spend too much time in the kitchen. This is an excellent time to serve this dish for there's a good supply of beef in the market as well as plenty of fresh vegetables. Unusual seasonings used in the following recipe are responsible for its flavour.

Special Stew

For 6 servings which will take care of second helpings, buy 1½ lbs. cut-up stew beef. Flour meat and brown in 2 tbs. hot fat.

Add 2½ c. water, 2 tbs. chopped onion, ½ garlic clove, 2 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. each pepper and paprika, ½ tsp. allspice, 1 tsp. sugar, ½ tsp. each lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce and ¼ c. tomato sauce.

Cook, covered, over low heat for 2 hrs.

Add 1 c. pearl onions, ½ c. sliced carrots, 1 c. cubed potatoes and ½ c. diced celery.

Cook over low heat 15 to 20 min. longer until meat and vegetables are tender.

Spicy Beef Stew also owes much of its exciting flavour to its unusual ingredients. It is a heartier dish than the first recipe, so it might be better to serve later in the season.

To serve 6, brown 2 lbs. beef stew meat in 3 tbs. hot fat in large, heavy skillet.

Add 2 sliced, medium-sized onions, brown.

Add 2 c. hot water, 1 bay leaf, 1½ tsp. catenay seeds, 3 tsp. salt and ½ tsp. black pepper. Cover pan and cook over low heat 2 hrs.

Add ½ c. vinegar to stew and medium-sized head red cabbage cut into large wedges. Cover pan and cook 10 to 15 min.

longer or until meat is cooked and cabbage crisp-tender.

By ALICE DENHOFF

Bring back the walls!

A MOAN FROM AMERICA FINDS

AN ECHO IN BRITAIN...

THE era of the open-plan home may be ending. The post-war cult of living in a wide-open space that takes in the dining-room, the lounge, kitchen and children's playroom without a door or a wall to offer privacy is on the decline.

American wives, meeting in Washington to discuss what kind of homes they really want, renounced the open-plan house with few walls and doors.

TOO COLD

They called for properly sealed-off rooms in their homes so children cannot disturb them. Upsetting news perhaps for American architects who have gone all out for the open-room home but a mood that has been echoed in Britain by many housewives who have tried to turn homes smoothly in communal plan houses and entertain in one barn-like room.

Even young architects who clamoured to copy the American and French ideas are beginning to face facts

and realise that open-plan living is not practical over here.

"I think open planning is just asking for colds in the head," says Frank Hoar, Lecturer in Architecture at the University of London.

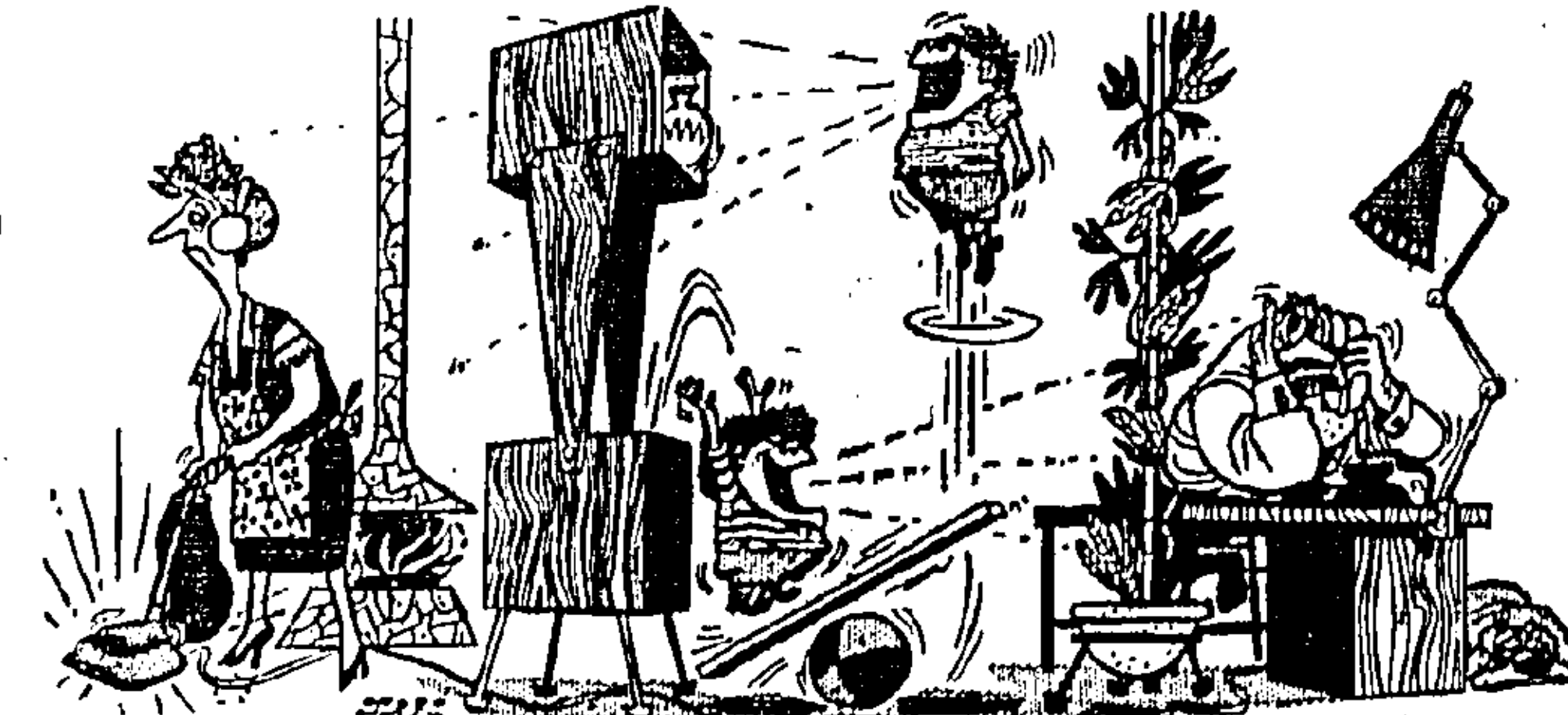
"It is difficult to keep draughts out. Architects get carried away by the ideas of French and American designers, not realising that they plan homes in South of France, India and California—not a sub-arctic climate like ours."

LOUNGERS

Interior decorator Michael Inghelbald agrees. "Open-plan homes have definitely been proved unsuccessful over here. We must have doors in England, even if one compromises with folding shutters," he said.

Several adventurous people who have tried living in open-plan ways are reverting to the old-fashioned idea of a room for lounging, a room for dining and a kitchen removed from both.

Even if the tiniest room is allotted to eating it can, with



skilful decoration and bright ideas, be transformed into a pleasant sanctuary.

And one can avoid the smell of food that lingers when one has reached the coffee stage and the fog of clearing up immediately after eating.

SUCH JOY

One can again relish the joy of shutting the door on the dinner debris until the morning and the pleasure of retiring into another room.

Another who hates the open-plan way of life is interior decorator, John Siddoley. He has just finished converting a 10ft. by 7ft. pantry-type room into a dining-room. He used blue mirrors for some yellow velvet cushions and red silk seats to the chairs. A long table covered with Formica and a banquet along one wall are good space-savers and accommodate 12 people.

He has big mirrors on the walls to give the illusion of space and the windows were covered with Venetian blinds.

Mr Peter Ward, who recently had his dining-room redecorated, chose a copy of an 18th-century Chinese wallpaper as an elegant focal point.

Mr Jocelyn Stevens, another dining-room lover, chose wedg-

wood blue and white. The furniture is also blue and white, and he has a marble topped table.

Fashionable interior decorators are now advising clients not to choose reproduction fabrics, but marble-topped ones. They are much brighter and gay than dreary mahogany, they claim.

IDEAS...

Decorating ideas that may help from John Siddoley:

★ I have a centre light in the dining-room. Candles and lamps are so much prettier, unless one can invest in a superb chandelier.

★ If the room is very small keep it dark, and light it brilliantly. It is a fallacy to say a dark paper makes a room look smaller.

★ Curtains should give colour relief. Pale lettuce green felt with a charcoal striped carpet and white damask chair seats is an attractive scheme.

—JANE BACON

(London Express Service).



ABOVE: His Excellency the Governor, Sir Robert Black, chats with some of the guests who attended the Juvenile Care Centre Ball held at the Peninsula Hotel last week.



ABOVE: Two beautiful models, Sandra Talbot (left) and Vickie Shalley, at the Council of Women fashion show held on Thursday at Paramount Restaurant, Windsor House. The show, dubbed "Fashions for all ages," was a big success. In the audience was Lady Black.



ABOVE: World-famous cowboy Kit Carson entertained some 500 people at a charity show at the South China Stadium on Wednesday night. The programme included songs by Miss Mona Fong (in spectacles) and Miss Supunnica.



LEFT: H.E. the Governor of Macao, Commander Pedro Correia de Barros (left), is met by Sir Robert Black on arrival in the Colony for a visit before leaving for his new post as Governor-General of Mozambique.



ABOVE: Mrs J. C. McDouall, wife of the Secretary for Chinese Affairs, presents a King's College student with a prize during the school's annual prize-giving and speech day this week.

BELOW: The founder and Chaplain-General of the Young Christian Workers Movement, Msgr. Joseph Cardijn, waves a friendly greeting to Hongkong on arrival by air this week.



BELOW: Lady Gladstone, wife of the Commander-in-Chief, Far East Station, presents a trophy at the Fleet Regatta held this year at Junk Bay on Tuesday. HMS Cossack edged out HMNZS Rotoiti by one point to win the competition.



ABOVE: Mr. Mohan N. Bharwani recently celebrated his birthday at Mohan's Hall, Happy Valley, with a large gathering of friends and relatives. He is soon (contra) about to cut the cake.



BELOW: Mr. and Mrs. Lui Kam-to and their attendants pose for the China Mail photographer shortly after their wedding at the Hongkong Registry on Wednesday.




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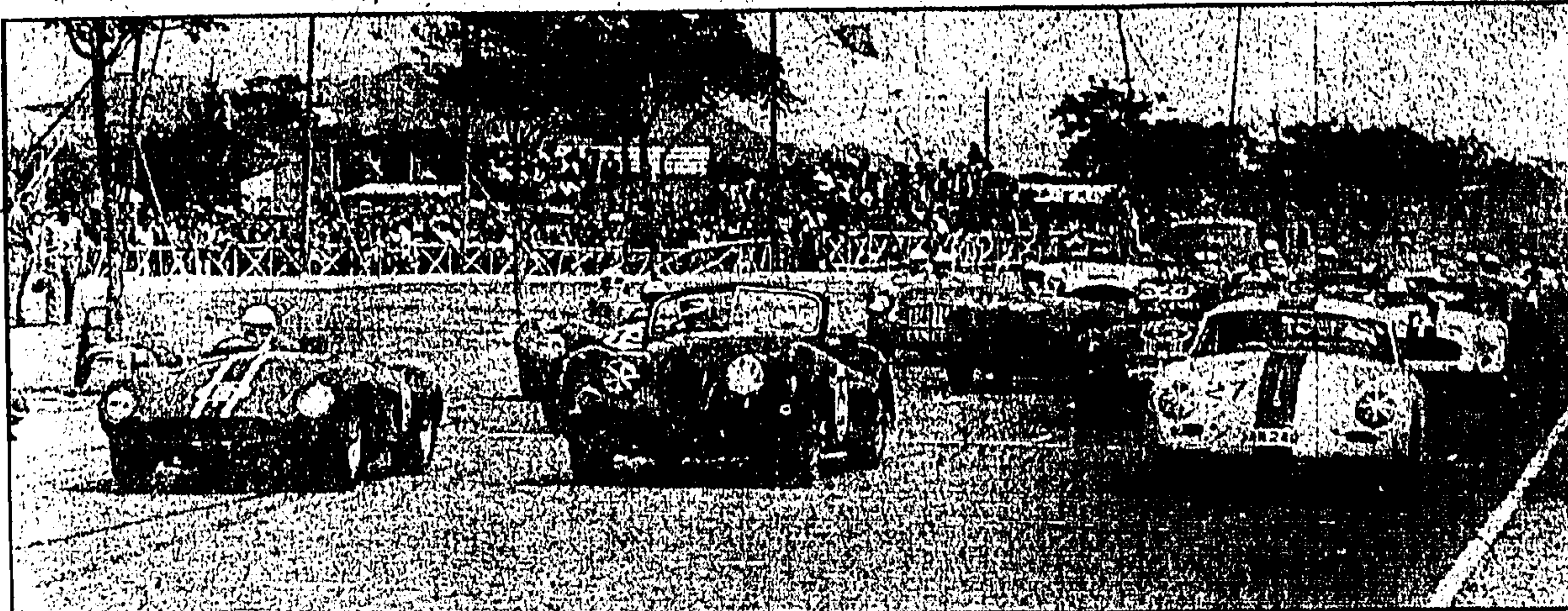


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THE FIFTH MACAO GRAND PRIX

HONGKONG lost its monopoly on winners in the Macao Grand Prix last Sunday when a smiling Chinese garage owner from Singapore drove a brilliant race to win over a starting field of 24 fast cars. Chan Lye-choon, seen on right with the Governor's Cup, pushed his sleek Aston-Martin DB3S to finish over the finish-line at a new record speed of 61.99 miles per hour for the 60 lap race. It was a weekend of thrills and spills, and Norece Matchett (left below) who came second in Saturday's Ladies' Race, swerved off the course after finishing and crashed her Triumph TR3 sustaining minor injuries. The grand massed start of 24 cars in the 228-mile Grand Prix on Sunday is seen in top right photo.



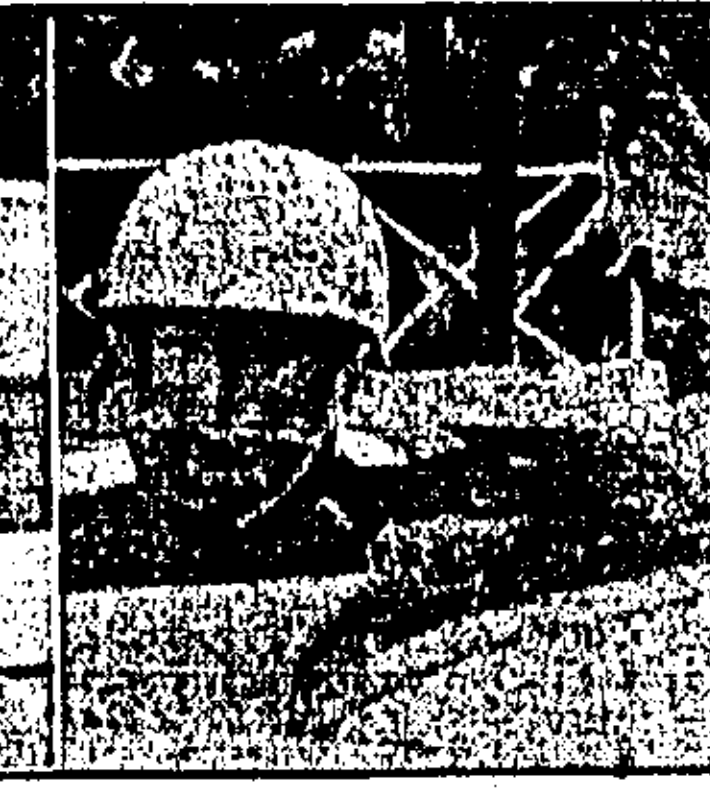
CHAN LYE-CHOON
Winner, Grand Prix

RON HARDWICK
Winner, ACP Trophy Race

GORDON BOYCE
Winner, Touring Cars 'Heap

CAROL UNGHRICHT
Winner, Ladies' Race

ALISTAIR STEWART
Winner, Organisers' Cup



ABOVE: Brigadier J.M.A. Chestnutt, Commander of Hongkong and Kowloon Garrison, inspects the Hongkong Police Band during a passing out parade at the Police Training School, Aberdeen, last Saturday.



ABOVE RIGHT: A young archer aims for the target at one of the most popular stalls at the Christ Church Jubilee Fair held at Gun Club Hill sports ground last week. His friends watch intently.



ABOVE: Lady Bastyan, wife of H.E. the Commander, British Forces, Hongkong, hands a prize to Miss S. Tucker during the annual prize-giving and speech day of King George V. School last week.

RIGHT: Mrs D. J. S. Crozier, wife of the Director of Education, handing a certificate to a student of the New Method College during the school's speech day at the Hoover Theatre on Saturday.



LEFT: Mr V. D. Rumianzoff (right), Assistant Waterworks Engineer, who is going on retirement, is presented with a silver salver as a farewell memento at the Public Works Department by the Director of Public Works, the Hon. A. Inglis.

LEFT: H.E. the Governor seen during a visit to the Alice Ho Miu Ling Nethersole Hospital on Monday. On right is Col. H.B.L. Dowbiggin.

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ABOVE: Cheered on by their friends and relatives, two young athletes dash neck-to-neck around the track in an exciting finish to a relay race during the annual sports day of the Peak school held this week.

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DEE WELLS

... who does not use honey on her face, talks to a woman who DOES

It's not just a bathroom — it's a temple

IT'S hell to be beautiful. Or is it? For Barbara Cartland—author of 81 books, boss of a 500-acre farm, County Councillor for Hertfordshire, and indefatigable mother of the indefatigable Lady Lewisham—it isn't hell at all.

She wriggles through the whole rigmarole—and adds these twists of her own:

She strains honey into a tumbler, and puts it all over her face. She ties a gay tulle bow over her forehead every night. She puts on a touch of make-up the minute she wakes up.

She licks up wheat germ and vichoulet for breakfast. She believes a bathroom is "the temple of the body," and has, in her own temple, a mirrored ceiling and a Sevres porcelain lavatory paper-holder trimmed with rose-bottomed cupids.

She works at being beautiful. She is dedicated to it, and loves every minute of it.

"But what," I wailed, "about the rest of us? We, the under-privileged, are legion. Our bodies are like long-abandoned Aztec burial grounds, modernised only by the rusty nail lavatory paper-holder. Our honey is patted (unstrained) only on to toast. Our hair-pins rival the Eddystone Light for night-time visibility."

"Our breakfasts are greedy, ruder-woman, love affairs with hunk of fried bread, fried eggs, and muddy coffee.

"These ways are too broken ever to be mended. What can we do to be beautiful? This sordid picture of lives so ugly, so mishapen, so ill-spent, almost stopped Barbara Cartland dead in her dainty tracks.

Finally, her pronouncement:

"Think beautiful thoughts, that's the thing," she said firmly. "The only beautiful thought I could make (and can you blame me?) was of a gigantic bonfire made up of all how-to-do-it books with, at the top of the heap, a petrol-soaked copy of Mrs Cartland's latest contribution to the life. (Look Lovely). Be Lovely. Herbert Jenkins, 12s. 6d.)"

"No," she said, redeeming herself. "That's nonsense."

Nobody can think beautiful thoughts when the boiler has gone out, the roof has sprung a leak, the children have measles, and the dog has just been sick on the new bedspread."

Mentally, I fished. Look Lovely, Be Lovely out to the fringes of the bonfire, and nobly planted Mrs Cartland one last change to get down to earth.

She went on. "Ghastly things happen every day to all of us. But it's no good dwelling on them and carrying on about them."

★ ★ ★

"That's the trouble with women—they're moaners. Ungrateful. They never think to count their blessings, but they add up their woes endlessly—like misers—and never miss a one. They blather and complain and feel sorry for themselves. And then they wonder where the lines and wrinkles come from, and why they look sour and ugly. It's because they think sour and ugly."

I promised her we would all switch to Golden Thoughts and allow ourselves only a little yelp of delight next time the string bag burst under the weight of filth of potatoes.

Then—our souls proven lovely—what, what can we do on little time, less money, and not much know-how, to look lovely?

"Any woman can keep her skin soft and young-looking," said Mrs Cartland. "She can get a big tin of theatrical cold cream for 4s.—it's just as good as the most expensive famous-name brands—and use it often."

★ ★ ★

"She can take vitamins. They preserve not only your body but your disposition as well. If she can't afford them she may be able to get them on the National Health. If she uses them to supplement a sensible, non-fattening diet, her body will stay young and she won't get so tired that she shrieks at her family."

"And honey. She must have honey."



LEARNING TO THINK BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS

"Why honey? Maybe she likes marmalade—or peanut butter."

Mrs Cartland explained. In that mad blend of solid common sense, sweeping generalisation, and skyrocketing personal theory that is her style, she gave me the Word on Honey.

As a health and beauty aid, honey has a historical background that stretches clear to ancient Egypt. They used it as a tuberculosis cure. The Greeks wore it as a charm for entrance of the eyes. Today it's known to be a first pick-me-up (ask any athlete) and energy provider.

As if that weren't enough for one cheap, readily available food-cum-facial, Mrs Cartland went on to the miracle of Gelee Royale.

★ ★ ★

"This mysterious and rare substance is the chyle of the queen bee."

"The what?"

"The chyle—food, if you like—on which the larvae of future queen bees are nourished. It assures them of a life as long as that of a working bee. It's what the late Pope took."

Mrs Cartland swears by it. She sees it as a super-honey. She takes queen bee chyle in injections, in drops and in face cream.

The results, by her own account, are fabulous. And so, she admits, is the price.

Still down to earth, but straining, she recognized that most budgets won't stretch to Gelee Royale. What's chyle for the queen bee would likely be a fruit forbidden by work-drone husbands who control the family exchequer.

In which case, Barbara Cartland recommends the following inexpensive beauty routine—"a special facial honey treatment"—she calls it:

Mix equal amounts of honey, comb honey and white wheat flour (or refined oatmeal) into a paste. Stir until the paste is smooth, and the consistency of thick cream. Spread lightly over the face and leave for 20 minutes. Wash off with tepid water, gradually decreasing the temperature until the water is quite cold.

★ ★ ★

If that doesn't do the trick, Mrs Cartland—whose historical knowledge of beauty tricks and preparations is immense—artfully slices this recipe from a French book called "Les Secrets de Maistre Alazay, le Pied-montais."

"Take a young raven from the nest. Feed it on hard-boiled eggs for 40 days, and then, after killing it, distil with myrtle leaves, tale, and almond oil."

Alazay's best-kept secret was whether you rub it on or eat it. I plumped for drinking it in one

swig, and rushing to the nearest mirror.

More indylike—and far more knowledgeable than I—Mrs Cartland gently suggested dabbling it on, lying back relaxed and having faith in the result. But she hadn't tried it, she confessed, and didn't really recommend such rash experimentation.

When it gets down to feeding hard-boiled eggs to doomed ravens, or smothering the chyle from the mouths of future queen bees, beauty can—so far as I'm concerned—stay the fast-receding mirage it's always been.

From there on, I could only nod sullenly. The boot polish that makes such marvellous hair shine, the dry nailbrush that, wielded vigorously, will scrape every dead, pore-clogging cell from your face. The wonder powders that transform a bath into an experience. The anti-acid cream... the moisture lotion...

...the nourishing cream... the yoghurt cream... the sun-proof cream... all the creams. The only way out of the creamy maze was a ruthless, clean break.

★ ★ ★

"Rains? Oh, the poor darling. Poor Raine. She's lost her voice. And the other day she had to christen a new glass bicycle. It's Britain's answer to the Germans and Italians."

That just about tied the whole thing up.

Anything that honey-chyle wasn't the answer to, honey-chile Raine, speechless on a glass bicycle, certainly was. Beauty marches on.

Anne Sharpley Eats In The Kremlin

HOW nice it is to meet a round peg in a round hole sometimes. Portly Roland K. Wood is certainly round enough, and he dispenses rotund contentment along with the "meat pud, and two veg. (1s. 8d.)" in his kingdom in Marylebone known as The Kremlin.

The Kremlin is one of those "Ladies not allowed," says Mr Wood, save the working-man-from-drink buildings they put up in the last century.

ONLY PLEASURE

It stands, a bit chipped now, in a back street that used to be called Paradise Street until the twentieth century (probably embarrassed by the fact that Paradise Street ended up in a churchyard) changed it to Moxon Street.

But they could have left the name at Paradise as far as Mr Wood is concerned.

"It's the only pleasure we get, keeping the ladies out," he says with quite as much smugness as a bishop at the Athenaeum.

All around Mr Wood's Kremlin the chic little coffee bars, primrose-yellow doors and smart white paint purveyors are wasting their time as far as he is concerned.

"They don't know anything about life," he says grandly.

"It's here you see life. My customers are real characters. I just like to sit back watching that door waiting to see who comes in next."

And if you spend a little time in Moxon Street, which, in less self-conscious times used to be called Paradise Street—you'll see why.

CHARACTER

"Day off?" he says. "What do I want with a day off? I haven't had a day off in 23 years. I'm happy at my work," he adds conclusively.

"Why I don't even bother going into Marylebone High Street (100 yards away). Last time I went was three months ago and they'd put up so many new buildings I didn't know where I was."

Mr Wood is what they used to call a "character" before television made it the prerogative of about three people only. He is an old-fashioned and pleased with himself as a well-polished brass handbell.

All over his working-men's hostel his large, hand-written notices give the feeling of a friendly Big Brother on the watch.

"This is not a Church Army or a Salvation Army hostel," he reads one. "Or a nick. We stand no nonsense. It is a respectable working man's home—and no flies. Conducted by your humble Roland K. Wood."

"If you don't eat—we starve." "Don't get in bed and leave your lights on. It's not clever and it's not cricket."

"DON'T SWEAR. Not that we care a damn, but it sounds like hell to strangers."

KNOWS BEST

There is a warning against having your meals on the billiard table or standing in front of the fire ("Manners COUNT here").

And on Mr Wood's own cosy arm-chair, there is written the one uncompromising word "Private."

Mr Wood sticks to his own way of doing things. Because, naturally, he knows best.

"People get fed up with all that chromium and plastic. They come in here and see my open fire and marble-topped tables and it's like home."

"Where would you get a plate of beef like that for 1s. 8d.?" he demands, plunking down a platter and cycling the over-lapping meat with pride and affection.

But I was not allowed to taste it for myself. Goodness me, no.

PRESTIGE WINDOW

NEW-ANGLED window-dresser is Parisienne Madame Janine Janet, to show the English how to do what she terms "prestige" windows.

"I believe that if a firm is well known it should not fill its windows with clothes or the cars it produces, but really decorate them and make them gay and amusing."

Madame Janet is employed by famous Paris designers Dior, Givenchy and Balenciaga.

"For Christian Dior," she said, "I designed two eighteenth-century Negro boys in a stopping position, encased with precious jewels and sequins. You see Dior always looks to the past for his inspiration and, of course, makes fantastic, rich dresses."

"For Givenchy I designed a surrealistic basket filled with flowers of bronze and semiprecious stones. Very modern and futuristic, like Givenchy himself."

★ ★ ★

Her windows for Balenciaga, the mysterious Spanish leader of world fashion—are odd and strange.

"I picked two china pyramids of starkly simple design backed with curtains made from ecclesiastical tapestries. You see he is such a plain and simple designer he needs no extravagance and the ecclesiastical touch symbolises both his devotion to his work and his Spanish background."

By JOY MATTHEWS

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23

BORN today you have a powerful, magnetic personality with exceptional talent. Literature, history, criticism and other related subjects are those in which you are particularly outstanding. You are a leader and will probably exert an influence upon your own times and upon those which are to follow. You are rarely content to follow any conventional pattern, but will want to strike out for yourself, along some new line of thought. Original and inventive, you will do your best work under your own direction, for you do not accept suggestion or advice gracefully.

When you are interested in something, there is no one who can work harder or for longer hours than you. You are not always interested. Often you have a difficult time deciding exactly what you want to do—so you put off doing anything. This habit of procrastination is a serious fault. You must conquer it as early in life as you recognise it. Tuesday is always a good time for beginning a new project.

You have a hot temper and learning to control it is another thing you find difficult. You break out, unexpectedly, over some trifles. The next moment you are full of apologies and regrets. But sometimes it is too late to make amends. Better for you to learn to count ten in the first place!

Among those born on this date are: Mary Ann Evans, novelist known as George Eliot; Andre Gide, author, poet and critic; General Charles de Gaulle, French statesman; Benjamin Britten, pianist and composer; Thomas Beer, author and critic.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—After your morning devotion, plan to rest and relax tensions, preparing for a busy week ahead.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—If confused on some personal issue, seek spiritual advice and help in the matter.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 18)—You may find that you and your marriage partner are at odds over something. Be patient.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—A misunderstanding with the one you love can cause heartaches just now.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—If you feel insecure, now is the time to seek help and advice from an elder.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Try to solve any problem out of court, in a friendly fashion. Avoid going to law!

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Marriage can bring problems but if you are mature, you can solve problems before they arise.

CANCER (June 22-July 22)—A member of the armed forces may pay you a visit and bring joy and happiness today.

LEO (July 23-Aug. 23)—Go more than half way to make peace if you have quarreled with anyone.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—There's no law against trying to play the role of peacemaker—but you won't get any gratitude!

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Let down tensions today and let the rest of the world go hurrying by!

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Be sure you don't let a confidential matter slip out today. It could be serious.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Go slowly on all decisions involving investments. Judgment is better tomorrow.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 18)—No matter what happens on this blue Monday, hold your temper. Nothing is gained by losing it.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Haste will only cause chaos. Just now, so take your time over everything.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Don't expect miracles today. It takes time to get results, so don't hurry.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Likely to be rough on almost any occasion these days. If you are travelling by water, expect a bit of trouble.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—When someone touches you for a "favor" be firm and have the courage to say "no!"

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—If subject to colds, watch out! Pay attention to a sore throat. Take care of it.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Even the most perfect romance has an emotional snag now and then. Could be now!

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—There should be an improvement in your success potential right in the job you hold.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Delay starting out on a long journey, at least until tomorrow when aspects will improve.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Long-term investments are under better auspices today than the high-profit, short-term ones.

All of these in
MOORHOUSE'S
LEMON CHEESE
England's Finest



CHINA MAIL FILM PAGE



WOULD you ever have guessed that the shapely young woman in the picture on this page was once such a bow-legged child that all the boys at school used to call her "Bandy"?

It is true, Gwen Verdon is her name, and she is the top of this column today not only because her underlinings are now so architecturally perfect, but because she is the most delightful comedienne and the most skilfully witty dancer I have seen for years.

Gwen is the star of a new musical called *WHAT LOLA WANTS*, which is a screen version of the stage show we had in London recently under the title of "Damen Yankies". When you see the film you will understand why the stage

SHE'S GOT COURAGE TOO!

by

Leonard Mosley

version was only tenth as entertaining. Gwen Verdon was not in it.

Gwen is everything that they ever said about redheads. She is lithe and as supple as a puma. She moves around with the restless energy of a cat on a hot tin roof. She has just about the best voice in show business, as low and as vibrant as a cello.

On top of all this patchwork, she has some valuable—wicked sense of humour.

With the flick of an eyebrow the curl of a lip, and the subtlest twitch of a thigh muscle she can turn a sexy, glamorous girl routine into a devastating satire.

In "What Lola Wants" she plays the temptress in a modern

American version of the Faust legend, about a middle-aged baseball fan who dreams that he helps his favourite team to win the championship.

Miss Verdon is one of the Devil's shapely disciples who is called in to tempt the fan into a state of amenability.

She proceeds to do so, in the locker room of the baseball club.

in a strip-tease dance routine that is both easy on the eyes and maliciously funny.

Which makes it all the more remarkable that, not many years ago, she feared she would grow up to be a semi-cripple. "I was as bow-legged as a toad," she recalled, when I spoke to her in New York not long ago.

"The anguish was going home and seeing my mother. She was an ex-ballerina, and she was as slim, straight, and lovely as a willow. I used to cry with misery when I watched her dance."

It was Gwen's mother who turned her ugly duckling into a swan. The doctors wanted to break Gwen's legs and reset them, which would have meant that she would never have become a dancer.

Her mother sent them away, and put her daughter's legs in weighted iron boots instead. The remedy worked.

After a few years she took up dancing and is today one of America's best.

★ ★ ★

INSIDE SHOW BUSINESS

★ ★ ★



SINATRA PLUS BARDOT
FILM LOOKS LIKE BEING
OFF FOR GOOD

Fiery Formula Fizzles

BILLED as the most explosive screen event of the year, Frank Sinatra's teaming with Brigitte Bardot is spluttering out like a damp squib.

The film, spicily titled "Paris By Night," was definitely datelined to begin two weeks ago. Instead Sinatra flew straight back to the States from his high society shindig in London to plan his first film as producer.

Bardot, who cancelled her visit to London while Sinatra was in town, is due here for film talks next week.

She will be shown British locations for her next film, "Babette Goes to War."

No date

There is now on chance of the film, Sinatra, meeting the big-swinging, Bardot, before next Easter. Insiders say there is now less chance of their meeting on screen at all.

What went wrong? According to the film producers it is all a small matter of words. The script has been rehearsed several times during the last six months.

Bardot has seldom been bothered by words. In fact, most of her films have had the

script made up as work went along. Such a Continental attitude could not satisfy the American backers.

Sinatra also has been soured by Bardot's over-exposure on American cinema screens.

Some of these have been so bad that Sinatra has said: "People will be sick of the sight of that doll before our picture is made."

Miscast

The producers of "Paris By Night" still insist that the film will be made. "But," they admit, "we don't know when."

Her last picture for Pinewood was "Robbery Under Arms"—more than a year ago. It was a role she pleaded to play; an earthy spitfire in the Anna Magan mould.

But Miss Swanson admitted: "I couldn't have been more miscast. It was a disaster. I'm not that kind of actress at all, you see, I can't possibly play a blowy barmaid or the sweet little girl next door."

"I'm more the Kay Kendall type. I'm better at sophisticated comedy," said Norman Wisdom's former leading lady.

Of the five Sir Alexander Korda stars signed by the Rank Organisation in 1950, only two remain: Kathie Michell and James Robertson Justice. The dropped three: Mary Ure, Ronald Lewis, Shirley Eaton.

CARON TO STAR IN HOLLYWOOD

LESLIE CARON, the British-based French star, is to return to Hollywood. She will co-star with Shelley Winters' husband Anthony Franciosa, in "The Man Who Understood Women."

Miss Caron leaves for Hollywood at the end of the year with two children and a nanny. Husband Peter Hall, successful young stage director, will follow when he completes a new play he is working on.

Leslie Caron said that she expects to return to Britain in the spring.

Jean dyes twice for a mental approach

FOR THE FIRST time since she played Ophelia in Sir Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet" 10 years ago, Jean Simmons has become a blonde.

Hollywood was acclaiming her new-look performance in "Home Before Dark" as one of the most powerful of her career.

As a young and vital woman threatened with insanity, Miss Simmons dyes her hair blonde to hide the grim, grey streaks caused by a year in a mental asylum.

Next month Miss Simmons and her husband, Stewart Granger, come to Britain to film "The Night Comers" for top producer John Woolf.

It will be their first film together in this country since "Footsteps in the Fog" four years ago.

TALKING POINT

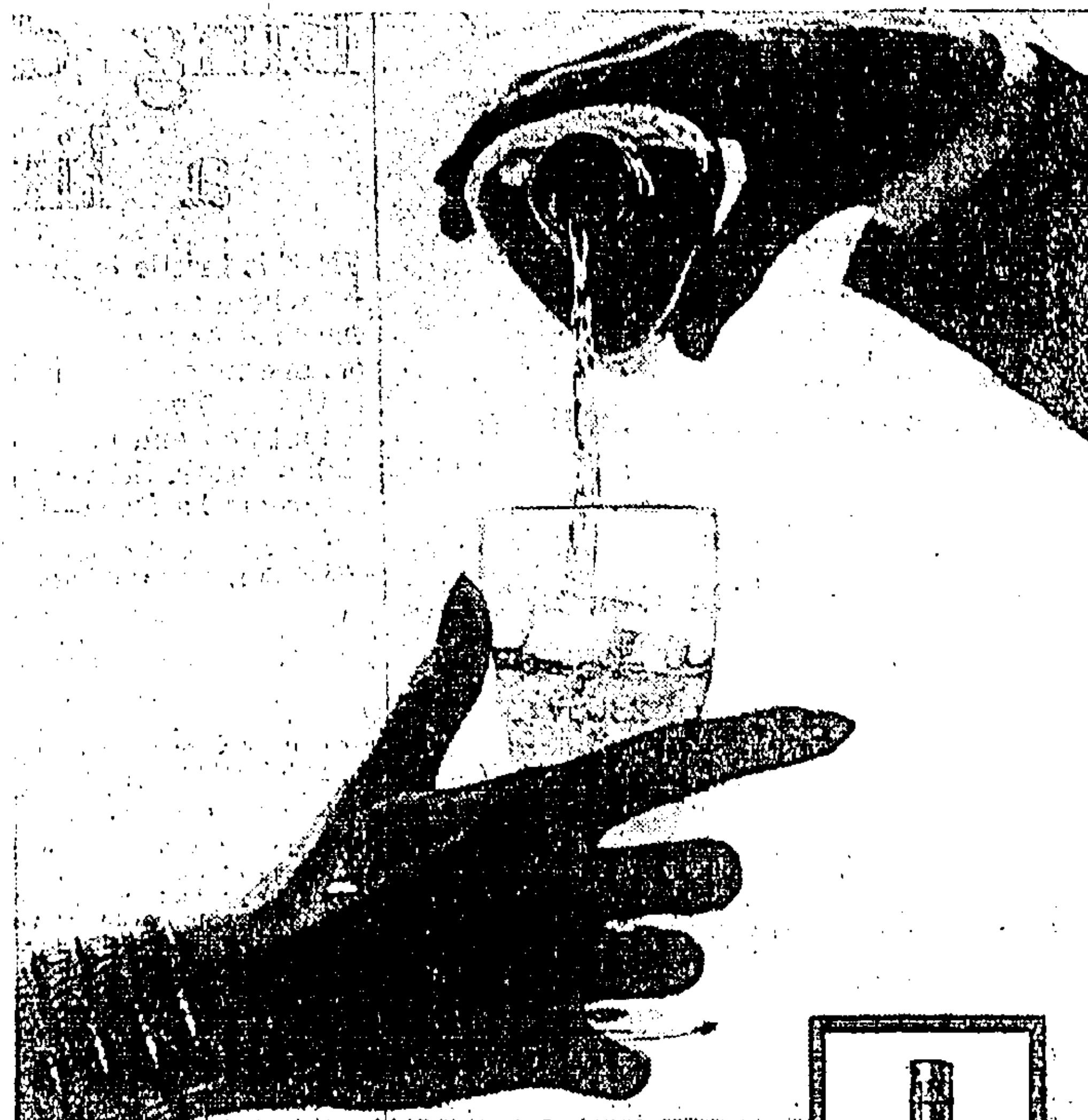
All real men are gentle. Without tenderness, men are uninteresting.

—MARLENE DIETRICH

TIGER BAY

TOP STAR Yvonne Mitchell, winner of two best-actress awards, is to play a three-minute bit part in "Tiger Bay." Her role: A loose-living woman who is murdered by German star Horst Buchholz.

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or a new friend made
the moment merits the
finest Scotch



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POPULAR PUBLICATIONS

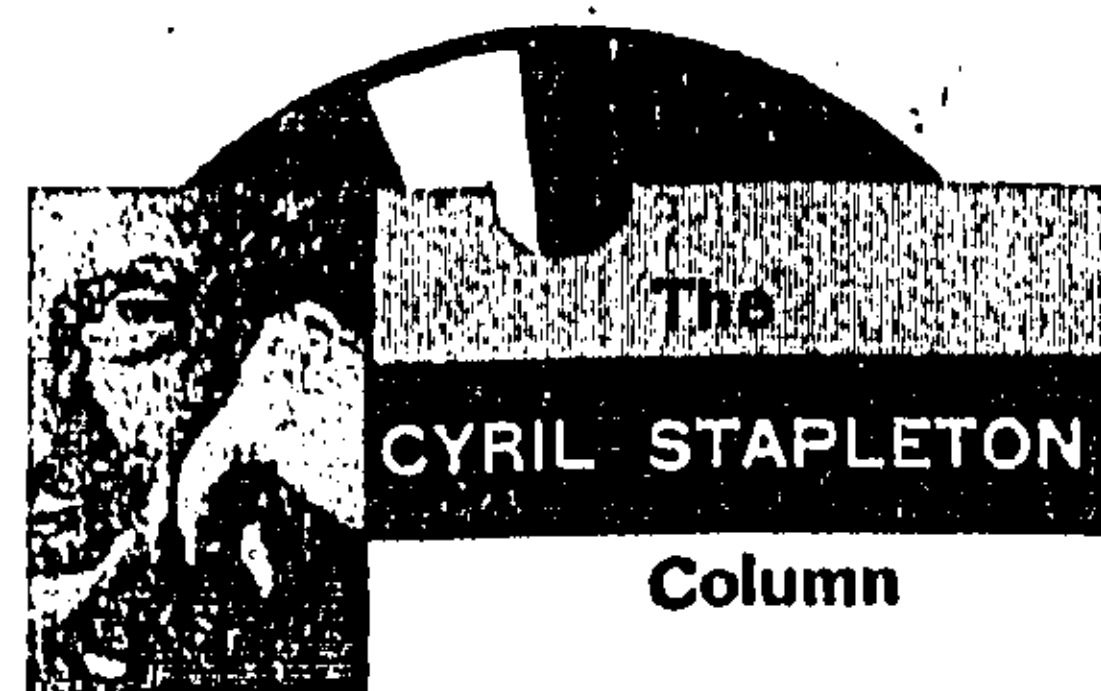
Chinese Creeds & Customs Vol. I	\$18.00
Chinese Creeds & Customs Vol. II	18.00
Chinese Creeds & Customs Vol. III	18.00
Baby Book	25.00
Hongkong Birds (Herklots)	35.00
King George VI	7.50
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Rupert Annual	4.50
Rupert Magazines	1.00
Ten Points About Pearls	1.50
Points on Judging Jade	1.50
Giles Annual (1957)	5.00
Hong Kong Business Symposium	35.00

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HONGKONG

KOWLOON



Bing drops me a line...

IN this brittle business of singing popular songs, where reputations are made overnight and are smashed as easily as the records they are built on, one man stays right up there at the top. He is the undisputed king of them all, the man who is imitated and hero-worshipped by a regular fan club of stars, the very prototype of every amateur bathroom baritone—Bing Crosby.

Crosby wrote to me last week to say that he and his new wife Kathryn may visit England in the spring.

"Haven't been doing any recording to speak of," writes Bing with the complacency of a man who could afford to underwrite our National Debt. "Just an album with Rosie Clooney."

"It's called 'Fancy Meeting You Here'—a musical tour. Turned out rather well. I thought, with some highly interesting and amusing arrangements by Billy May."
Bing also tells me that the TV show he did with Dean Martin and Pat Page recently was telecast and may be shown on British screens shortly.

WE are in for the annual barrage of Christmas songs. "The Son of Mary" and "Silent Night" and plenty more on the way.

Why are Christmas hits so rare? Because the ancient festivities don't lend themselves to novelty angles.

That's why Crosby's "White Christmas" remains the biggest hit of all time. It has earned several golden records and still sells steadily year by year. Belafonte is obviously hoping that history will repeat itself. "Mary's Boy Child" is being reissued.

There are four new offerings from Belafonte in E.P. form,

BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

It had to happen, of course. There are now so many trends in pop music that the recording companies are getting them mixed. New release in the States is "Rock 'n' Roll Cha-Cha."

Another, "Tom Dooley" by the Kingston Trio, now on issue over here, is described as Hawaiian with a calypso flavour.

Now it only remains for someone to record "The Skiffle Rock Kwela Calypso Mambo Cha-Cha."

Mankind by Maugham: Take it or leave it...

By GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

POINTS OF VIEW. By W. Somerset Maugham. Heinemann. 21s.

ON the last lap, the runner seems to be tiring. In his proclaimed ultimate book, Maugham exhibits—not indeed carelessness—but the take-it-or-leave-it negligence of an author who has, long since, earned his right to a hearing.

The customary terseness of his style, corresponding to the stringency of his temperament, hardens into a mannered and curt monotony.

"I don't know what the reader will think of these three journalistic whom I have to the best of my ability described to him. Not much, I suppose. They had few redeeming traits. Their egotism was ferocious. They were riddled with prejudices. And so on."

The subject-matter of this last book of essays? What do you think? Humanity. The endearing oddity of men and women.

Even when he writes about The Short Story—on which he has a great deal to say that is sensible rather than profound—it is about human beings.

Maugham is really writing: Henry James, Kipling, Katherine Mansfield.

On diarists

Good men exist. It cannot be denied. Chekhov, for example, treating his patients without fee, saving to provide for his ungrateful family. Maugham puts the facts down on paper with no fuss and hardly any emotion. Goodness is, after all, only another of the oddities of the human race.

Saintliness. A rare phenomenon. Maugham met a Saint in India in 1936 and makes him the subject of an essay. Almost miraculous incidents are ascribed with a grave detachment. There are inexplicable things in life which it would be unwillful to scoff at.

Maugham is more at ease, however, when dealing with less daunting personages, such as the three French diarists whose characters he depicts in the last essay of all.

Plainly he enjoys writing of the absurd snobbery and self-satisfaction of the Goncourt Brothers. "I am a well-born man of letters," wrote one of them, "and the mob have for me the attractiveness of unknown and undiscovered races."

There was, however, something decidedly down-to-earth

living (latest specimen, 1956) American culture Mrs Burt supplies it.

The quality of the verse varies from bad to awful. Their inspiration is distant memories of older ballads and echoes of revival hymns. The theme is monotonous: An awful story you shall hear. 'Twill make your blood run cold.

Sometimes, however, the emotional effect is not what was intended: Three times she called "Dear Henry!"

Then sank into a swoon.

He gazed on her indifferently.

And in silence left the room.

One song written after a strike in 1882, seems to deserve a place in the repertoire of Socialist gatherings:

Its touching last line runs:

"Father was killed by the Pinkertons men."

This collection is curious and diverting, social rather than poetic in its interest. It may be glanced at by those who are not specialists in the subject.

—(London Express Service).

THE TOP SIX

WHAT LONDON IS READING

THE two top books in the Evening Standard list were runaway best-sellers in London last week. Previous week's positions in brackets; novels marked with an asterisk.

1—Dr Zhivago*. Boris Pasternak (1).

2—The Crossing of Antarctica. Sir V. Fuchs and Sir E. Hillary.

3—Elizabeth the Great. Elizabeth Jenkins (4).

4—Our Man in Havana. Graham Greene (3).

5—King George VI. J. W. Wheeler-Bennett (2).

6—Position at Noon. Eric Linklater.

Compiled with the co-operation of Arms and Navy Stores Bumpus, Foyles, Harrods Hatchards Selfridges W. H. Smith and Son and The Times Bookshop.

—(London Express Service).

The Children Who Bore The Crusader Cross

I DO not expect to read a finer piece of history fiction in 1958 than THE DEVIL'S CROSS by Walter O'Meara (Hodder, 15s.), a novel based on one of the strangest and most tragic episodes in history—the Children's Crusade.

In AD 1212 a 12-year-old peasant boy named Nicholas began to preach from the steps of Cologne Cathedral. Strikingly announced that innocent children could succeed where adult Crusaders had failed—in recapturing Jerusalem.

More than 30,000 children followed the little hot-gospeller. They never returned. The Pied Piper legend was all they left behind.

BATTLE-WEARY

Now, after expert research into the facts, author O'Meara has built the exciting tale of Hugh de Gys, an amorous, battle-weary knight, who takes on the task of tracing and bringing back one of the young Crusaders to her rich father.

He finds that with every mile of their journey children die. Some, starving, formed pitiful rubber bands. Some fell prey to bandits in the towns. A wretched remnant reached the sea, where merchants prepared to ship them as slaves to the Saracens, whom they had set out to conquer.

Such are the authentic facts. But see how O'Meara blends them into touching fiction.

VAGUE SHAPES

One night Sir Hugh is attacked by brigands in the forest darkness. But the blows on his mail are curiously feeble. His horse breaks loose. Suddenly the attack ceases. Peering into the night Hugh sees vague shapes skipping and scampering away.

Then on the ground he finds one of his attackers trampled by the horse. Writes O'Meara: "He gazed at the grey, streaked face of the dying boy. For the first time he noticed the remnants of a crimson cross sewn to the filthy tatters of his tunic. Hugh reached out his hand and gently took one of the lad's. He felt the boy's small fingers tighten about his own forearm as the child's might, and cling to it."

A New Face For Eve...

By Harold M. Harris
STRANGERS IN MY BODY.
By Evelyn Lancaster and
James Polling. Seeker.
18s.

THE fascinating story of the three personalities who vied for possession of a single body was told (and later named) in The Three Faces of Eve (Seeker, 18s.).

The authors, Dr Thigpen and Dr Cleckley, found they had a three-in-one patient—Eve White, a prim, passive, fearsome-witch; Eve Black, irresponsible, pleasure-loving, selfish; and Jane, level-headed but egocentric.

Finally, in a highly dramatic session in the consulting room, a fourth personality, Evelyn, emerged. She banished the others for good, married Earl Lancaster, a friend of Jane, and settled down to a contented married life.

The doctors were writing dispassionately about a medical phenomenon. What was the human truth behind it? What does it feel like to be only part-owner of your body?

CONFLICT

Unfortunately, Mrs Lancaster's own account gives up no hiding. It amounts to nothing more than a re-hash of the earlier weeks—and an oddly conflicting re-hash at that.

The most serious of the many inconsistencies is that, according to Mrs Lancaster, it was not she but Jane who married Earl Lancaster. She herself came into being only when the marriage was on the point of breaking up and Jane was attempting to commit suicide.

If there is a grain of truth in the entire story, Evelyn Lancaster must know when she took over the much disputed body and whether she or Jane married Earl. Yet on these key points her story is in direct conflict with the doctors' version.

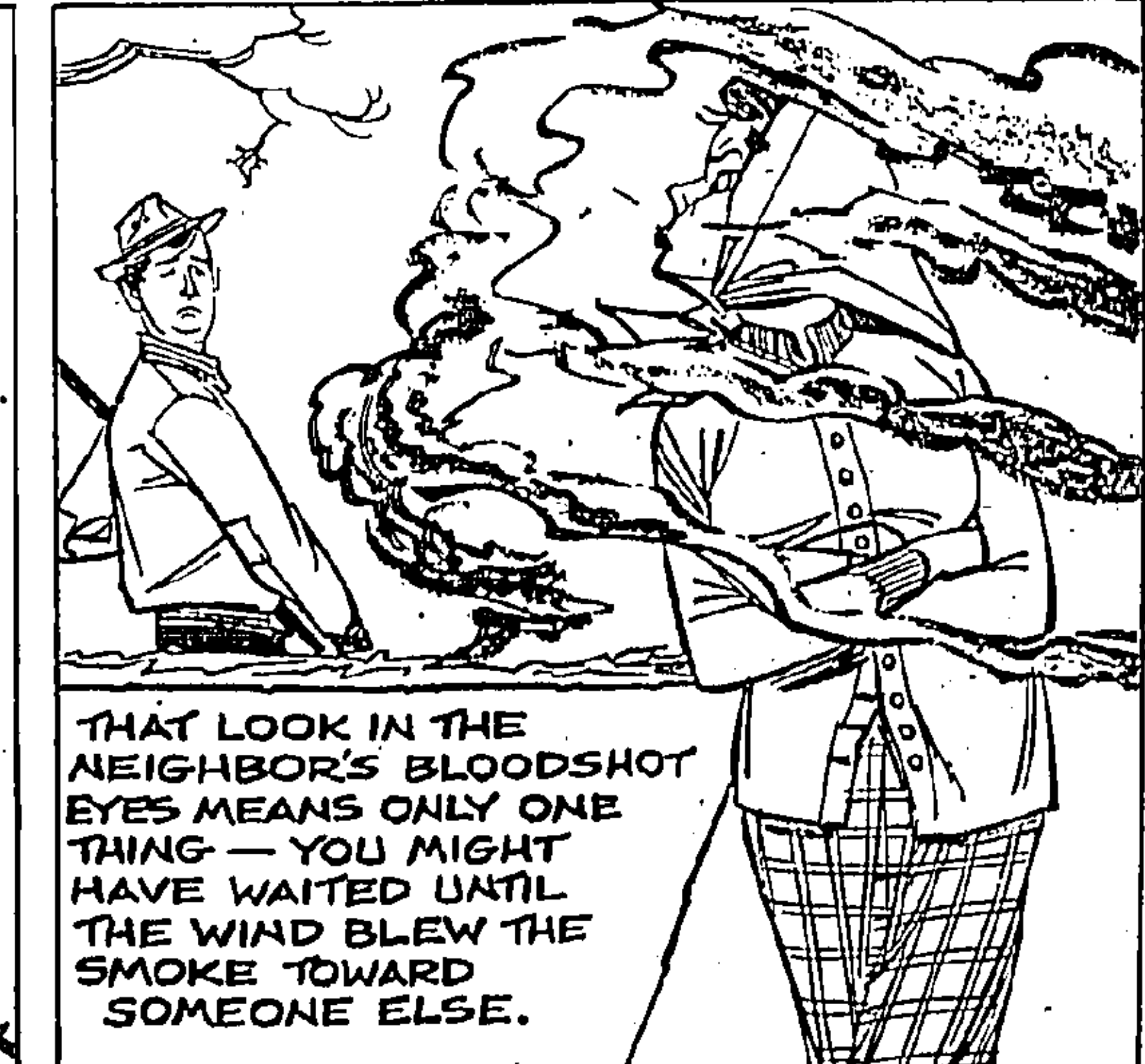
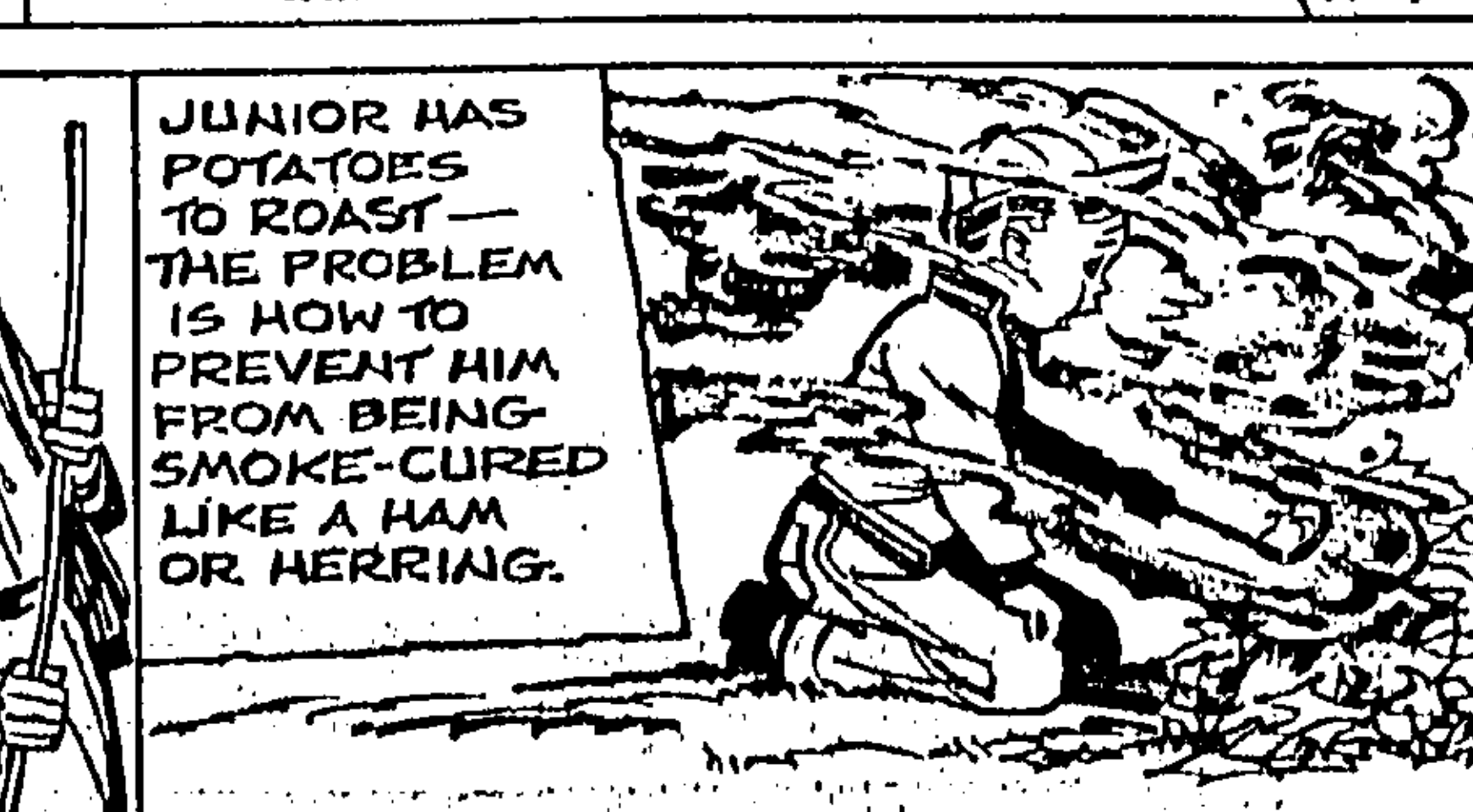
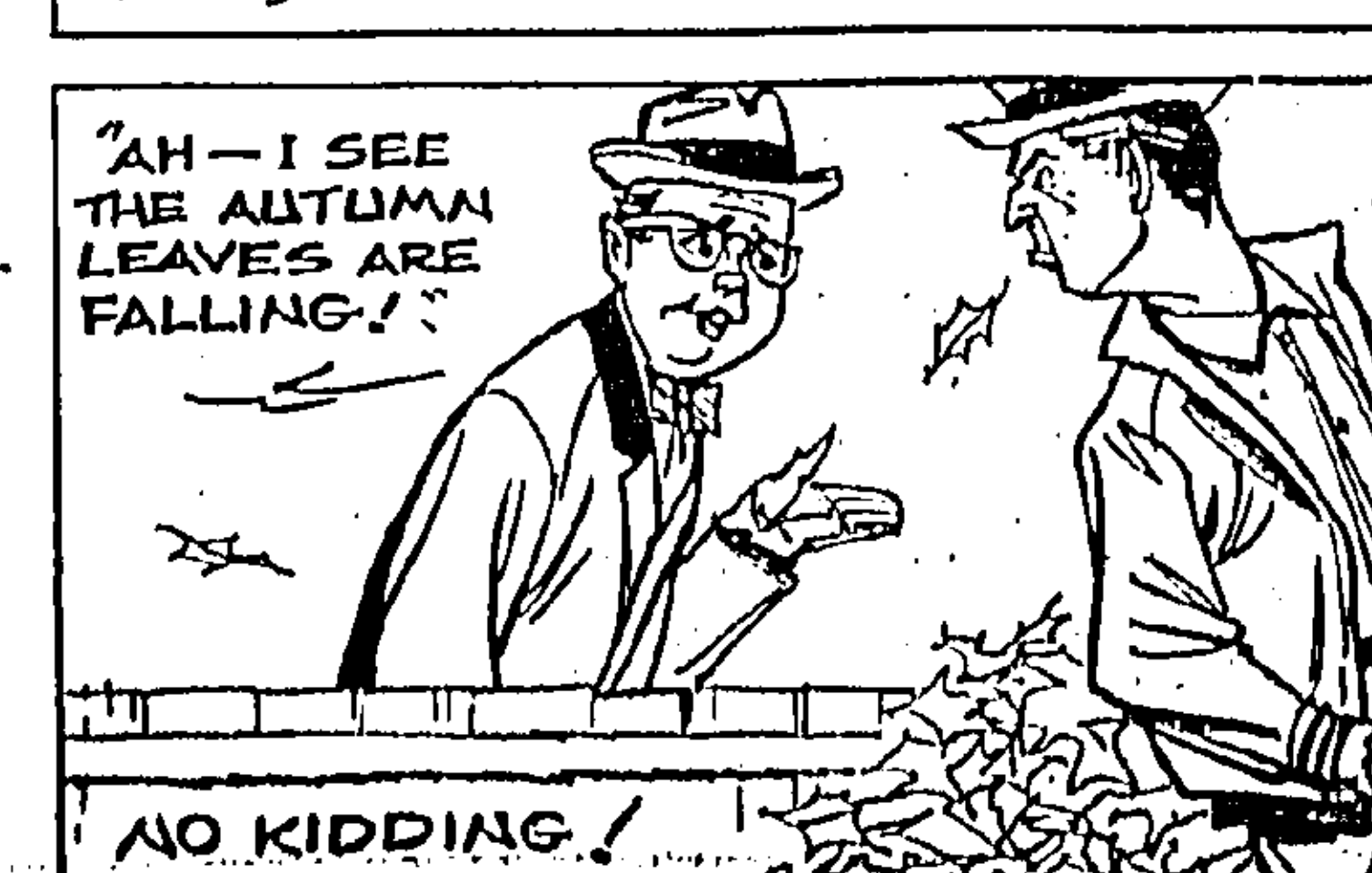
Her book has the paradoxical result of casting doubt on the whole case. Perhaps it was naive of me ever to believe in it. Mrs Lancaster has forced me to join the sceptics.

—(London Express Service).

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Falling Leaves

By Harry Weinert



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail — A "China Mail" Feature

Annarosa Taddei

Music lovers who enjoyed the recital of the Italian pianist Annarosa Taddei, who in Hong Kong 2 years ago, will be delighted to hear that Miss Taddei has now made her home in Hong Kong, and that she will be the guest artist in this week's Monday Recital. Her programme will include works by Mozart, Chopin and Debussy.

Seat Of Survival

The Martin-Baker Ejection Seat, which can take the modern pilot to safety from the cockpit of a crashing aircraft flying at supersonic speed, is the subject of the BBC feature "Seat of Survival," written by Iswyn Williams, an RAF officer well-known for his science fiction writing. "Seat of Survival" may be heard on Sunday evening at 8.30 p.m.

Chinese Music

In "Music Forum," which is on Wednesday at 9.15 p.m. M. Yao Hsin-nung, the well-known Chinese scholar and playwright, will deliver the first of a series of talks on Chinese music. This week's talk will be an introduction, in which Mr. Yao gives a brief review of the development and characteristics of Chinese music.

Robert Donat

This week the Australian series "Their Finest Hour" will feature the career of Robert Donat, whose recent death, which occurred after the shooting of his last film, "The Inn of the Seventh Happiness," has surprised the theatre of one of its most brilliant players. "Their Finest Hour" goes on the air on Monday at 8.30 p.m.

Songs For All

On Sunday evening at 7.30 p.m., Paul Page, with Moya Red at the piano, will be presenting the second in her series of programmes "A Song for Everyone," in which she sings pieces ranging from operatic arias to musical comedy numbers.

Today

(Broadcasting on a frequency 800 kilocycles per second.)

12.30 p.m. ROMANCE IN MUSIC AND SONG.

1.15 TIME SIGNAL.

1.30 WEATHER REPORT.

1.45 NEWS SUMMARY.

2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

2.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.

2.30 TIME SIGNAL.

2.45 WEATHER REPORT.

3.00 NEWS SUMMARY.

3.15 TIME SIGNAL.

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3.45 NEWS SUMMARY.

4.00 CLOSE DOWN.

4.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.

4.30 TIME SIGNAL.

4.45 WEATHER REPORT.

5.00 NEWS SUMMARY.

5.15 TIME SIGNAL.

5.30 WEATHER REPORT.

5.45 NEWS SUMMARY.

6.00 CLOSE DOWN.

6.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.

6.30 TIME SIGNAL.

6.45 WEATHER REPORT.

7.00 NEWS SUMMARY.

7.15 TIME SIGNAL.

7.30 WEATHER REPORT.

7.45 NEWS SUMMARY.

8.00 CLOSE DOWN.

8.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.

8.30 TIME SIGNAL.

8.45 WEATHER REPORT.

9.00 NEWS SUMMARY.

9.15 TIME SIGNAL.

9.30 WEATHER REPORT.

9.45 NEWS SUMMARY.

10.00 CLOSE DOWN.

10.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.

10.30 TIME SIGNAL.

10.45 WEATHER REPORT.

11.00 NEWS SUMMARY.

11.15 TIME SIGNAL.

11.30 WEATHER REPORT.

11.45 NEWS SUMMARY.

12.00 CLOSE DOWN.



Thornton Wilder Play

One of the most successful plays ever to emerge from Broadway is the Thornton Wilder's classic, "Our Town." It has been said that there is scarcely a night of the year when "Our Town" is not being played in some part of the Western world, and that wherever "Our Town" is played, the audience thinks of it as their own.

Martha Scott, who played the young heroine Emily in the original stage production, will be heard in this radio version, which goes on the air at 9.15 p.m. on Thursday.

Martha Scott and Marc Connelly being coached by Marc Daniels, director of "Our Town", an American play. The radio version of the play was produced by the Voice of America in co-operation with the American National Theatre and Academy (ANTA), and is being broadcast to VOA's worldwide audience in the English language.

12.00 Noon. VICTOR YOUNG AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

12.30 p.m. MY WORD.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL.

1.15 WEATHER REPORT.

1.30 NEWS SUMMARY.

1.45 WEATHER REPORT.

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11.00 CLOSE DOWN.

11.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.

11.30 TIME SIGNAL.

11.45 WEATHER REPORT.

12.00 NEWS SUMMARY.

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(On 25.750 Mc/s. 11.655m; and 21.550 Mc/s. 13.92m)

SATURDAY, NOV. 22

12.00 p.m. THE NEWS.

12.30 p.m. SPORTS ROUND-UP.

1.00 p.m. FORCES' FAVOURITES.

1.15 p.m. THE NEWS.

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SUNDAY, NOV. 23

12.00 p.m. THE NEWS.

12.30 p.m. SPORTS ROUND-UP.

1.00 p.m. FORCES' FAVOURITES.

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MONDAY, NOV. 24

12.00 p.m. THE NEWS.

12.30 p.m. SPORTS ROUND-UP.

1.00 p.m. FORCES' FAVOURITES.

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TUESDAY, NOV. 25

12.00 p.m. THE NEWS.

12.30 p.m. SPORTS ROUND-UP.

1.00 p.m. FORCES' FAVOURITES.

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WEDNESDAY, NOV. 26

12.00 p.m. THE NEWS.

12.30 p.m. SPORTS ROUND-UP.

1.00 p.m. FORCES' FAVOURITES.

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THURSDAY, NOV. 27

12.00 p.m. THE NEWS.

12.30 p.m. SPORTS ROUND-UP.

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FRIDAY, NOV. 28

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12.30 p.m. SPORTS ROUND-UP.

1.00 p.m. FORCES' FAVOURITES.

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SATURDAY, NOV. 29

12.00 p.m. THE NEWS.

12.30 p.m. SPORTS ROUND-UP.

1.00 p.m. FORCES' FAVOURITES.

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SUNDAY, NOV. 30

12.00 p.m. THE NEWS.

12.30 p.m. SPORTS ROUND-UP.

1.00 p.m. FORCES' FAVOURITES.

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MAN OF MANY TALENTS

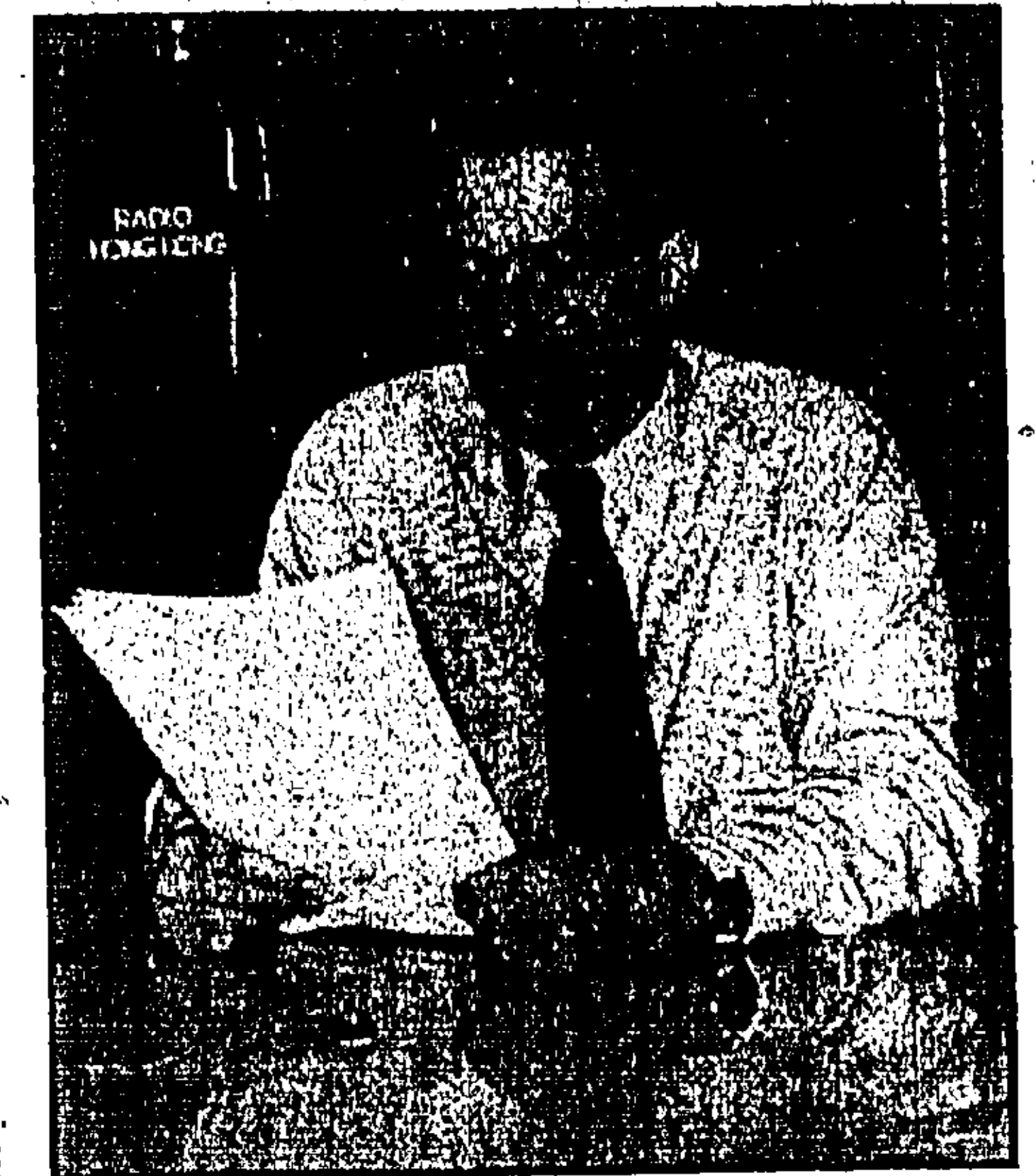
Tim Birch was born in 1927 and educated with violence in Northamptonshire, with intelligence in Lancashire, with casualness in Cambridge, and with earnestness in London.

Before settling down to broadcasting he had been a farm labourer in Hampshire, a postman in Northampton, a bartender in the South of France, a market research interviewer in London, a navy on an aerodrome, a mother's help in Norfolk, a porter on British railways, a chauffeur, a factory hand, a swimming pool attendant, a shopwalker in a London store and finally a schoolmaster. He feels that this was good training for broadcasting in which you are liable to be asked to meet anyone and do anything.

Apart from three years in the Army and three years at Cambridge he spent every possible holiday in France which he considers civilised. He once walked from Ostend to Hamburg and back and since then doesn't enjoy walking.

Tim Birch has been with Radio Hong Kong since 1954 and has had a go at most things since then. He most enjoys writing features, but finds that practically any broadcasting job can be fun because you're always dealing with people.

He most enjoys driving and talking about motor cars. He most dislikes garlic in food and cowboy films. Tim is married to a New Zealander and has three sons.



TIMOTHY BIRCH

Monday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.

7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.

7.30 WEATHER REPORT.

7.45 NEWS SUMMARY.

8.00 CLOSE DOWN.

8.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.

8.30 TIME SIGNAL.

8.45 WEATHER REPORT.

9.00 NEWS SUMMARY.

9.15 TIME SIGNAL.

9.30 WEATHER REPORT.

9.45 NEWS SUMMARY.

10.00 CLOSE DOWN.

10.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.

10.30 TIME SIGNAL.

10.45 WEATHER REPORT.

11.00 NEWS SUMMARY.

11.15 TIME SIGNAL.

11.30 WEATHER REPORT.

11.45 NEWS SUMMARY.

12.00 CLOSE DOWN.

Tuesday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.

7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.

7.30 WEATHER REPORT.

7.45 NEWS SUMMARY.

8.00 CLOSE DOWN.

8.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.

8.30 TIME SIGNAL.

8.45 WEATHER REPORT.

9.00 NEWS SUMMARY.

9.15 TIME SIGNAL.

9.30 WEATHER REPORT.

9.45 NEWS SUMMARY.

10.00 CLOSE DOWN.

10.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.

10.30 TIME SIGNAL.

10.45 WEATHER REPORT.

11.00 NEWS SUMMARY.

11.15 TIME SIGNAL.

11.30 WEATHER REPORT.

11.45 NEWS SUMMARY.

12.00 CLOSE DOWN.

Wednesday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.

7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.

7.30 WEATHER REPORT.

7.45 NEWS SUMMARY.

8.00 CLOSE DOWN.

8.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.

8.30 TIME SIGNAL.

8.45 WEATHER REPORT.

9.00 NEWS SUMMARY.

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9.45 NEWS SUMMARY.

10.00 CLOSE DOWN.

10.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.

10.30 TIME SIGNAL.

10.45 WEATHER REPORT.

11.00 NEWS SUMMARY.

11.15 TIME SIGNAL.

11.30 WEATHER REPORT.

11.45 NEWS SUMMARY.

12.00 CLOSE DOWN.

Thursday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.

7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.

7.30 WEATHER REPORT.

7.45 NEWS SUMMARY.

8.00 CLOSE DOWN.

8.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.

8.30 TIME SIGNAL.

8.45 WEATHER REPORT.

9.00 NEWS SUMMARY.

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9.45 NEWS SUMMARY.

10.00 CLOSE DOWN.

10.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.

10.30 TIME SIGNAL.

10.45 WEATHER REPORT.

11.00 NEWS SUMMARY.

11.15 TIME SIGNAL.

11.30 WEATHER REPORT.

11.45 NEWS SUMMARY.

12.00 CLOSE DOWN.

Friday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.

7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.

7.30 WEATHER REPORT.

7.45 NEWS SUMMARY.

8.00 CLOSE DOWN.

8.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.

8.30 TIME SIGNAL.

8.45 WEATHER REPORT.

9.00 NEWS SUMMARY.

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10.00 CLOSE DOWN.

10.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.

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11.00 NEWS SUMMARY.

11.15 TIME SIGNAL.

11.30 WEATHER REPORT.

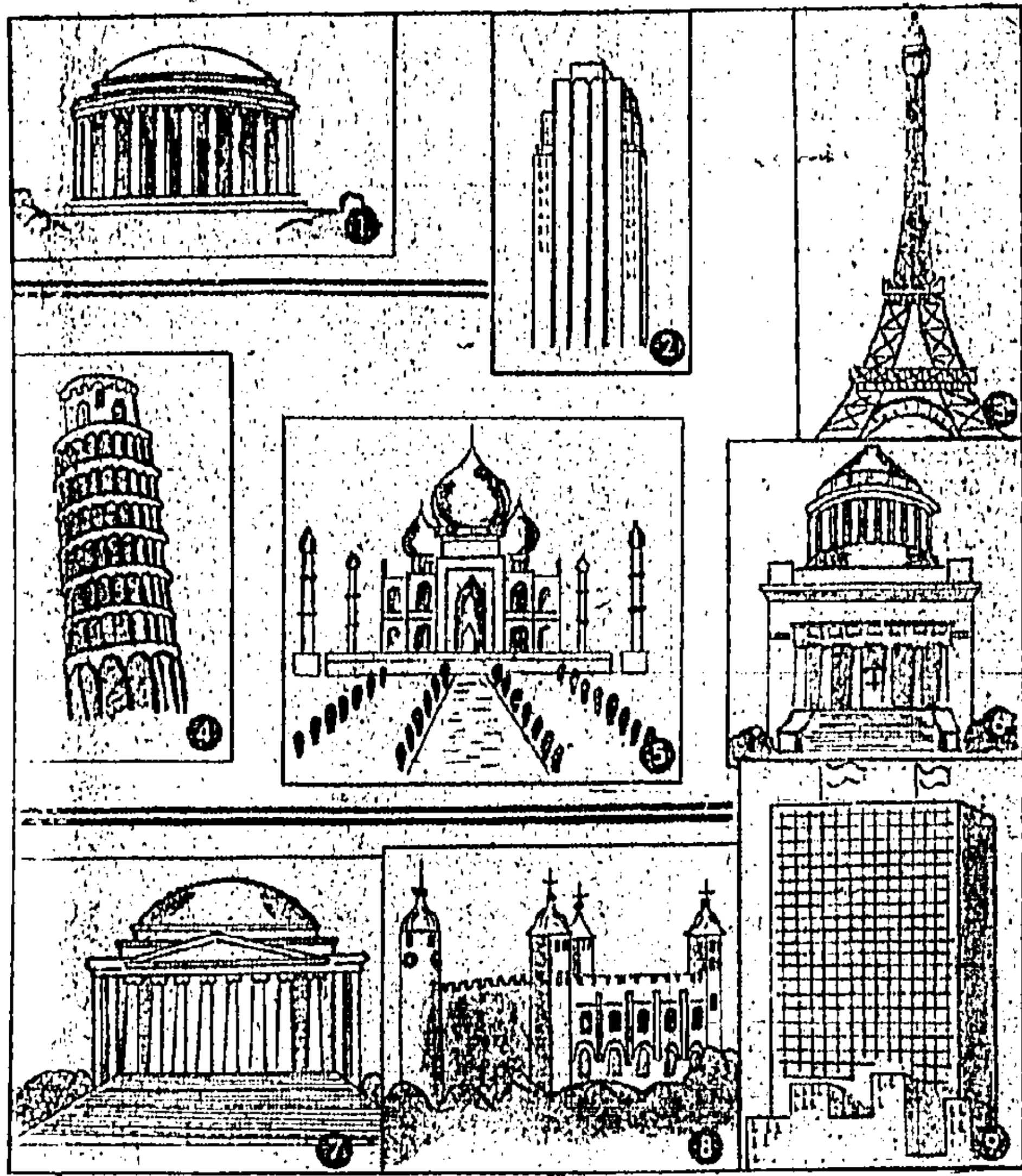
11.45 NEWS SUMMARY.

12.00 CLOSE DOWN.

Saturday

★ ★ ★ FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ★ ★ ★

DO YOU RECOGNISE THESE?



The names of the buildings in the picture are in this list below. Match each one with its correct letter: A, Taj Mahal, B, Pantheon

of ancient Rome, C, U.N. Building, D, RCA Building, E, Grant's Tomb, F, London Tower, G, Eiffel Tower, H, Thomas Jefferson Memorial, I, Leaning Tower of Pisa.

son Memorial, I, Leaning Tower of Pisa.

son Memorial, I, Leaning Tower of Pisa.

Good News From A Green Sprig

HISTORY has painted a picture for us which we all love. It is Christopher Columbus, richly dressed in complete armour, going ashore at San Salvador to plant there a banner embroidered with a green cross and the initials of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain and to give "Immense thanks to the Almighty God" for their safe landing.

But it is tradition that tells us that in his left hand he carried a small, green branch covered with scarlet berries.



Christopher Columbus

When the Santa Maria, the Nina and the Pinta set sail in 1492, very few of the sailors were at all enthusiastic over this voyage into uncharted seas. Poor Columbus had almost as many difficulties in getting his crews for the three ships together as he had in raising the money for the voyage.

But once they had set sail he didn't have too much trouble with them until they reached the Canary Islands. There they landed to pick up a new

rudder for the Pinta which she had lost. The route had been travelled before and they knew where they were going.

But from that time on, for two months, everything that happened seemed to be an evil omen. Columbus spent much of his time quieting their fears and trying to breathe some of his own magnificent courage into them.

Their compass went wrong. They got caught in the heavy woods in the Sargasso Sea and were sure they were in quick-

sand. The wind always seemed to blow from the east and they kept telling Columbus that it probably blew that way all the time and they would never be able to sail back home. Whenever they thought that at last they had sighted land, it always turned out to be only low-lying clouds.

Then on October 11, two months and eight days from the date on which they had set sail, they saw floating towards them, in the glow of a golden sunset, a live, green branch covered with red berries, and they knew that land was very near.

John Burroughs—few have known more about plant life than John Burroughs—tells us that the little branch was probably the scarlet thorn, a tree belonging to the rose family, which grows along the coast from Virginia to the Gulf.

This is the family to which apples, pears, peaches and strawberries belong. The southerners call one of their trees in this family the apple-haw, and they make delicious jam and jelly from its fruit.

—By JANE GATES

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

Trip to Yemen:

YEMEN REBUS

Use the words and pictures to find the four facts about Yemen hidden here by Puzzle Pete:



JUMBLED SENTENCE

Puzzle Pete got twisted in his sentence about Yemen. Perhaps you can straighten him out: 25,000, population city Sana, a about with Yemen's a of walled is capital.

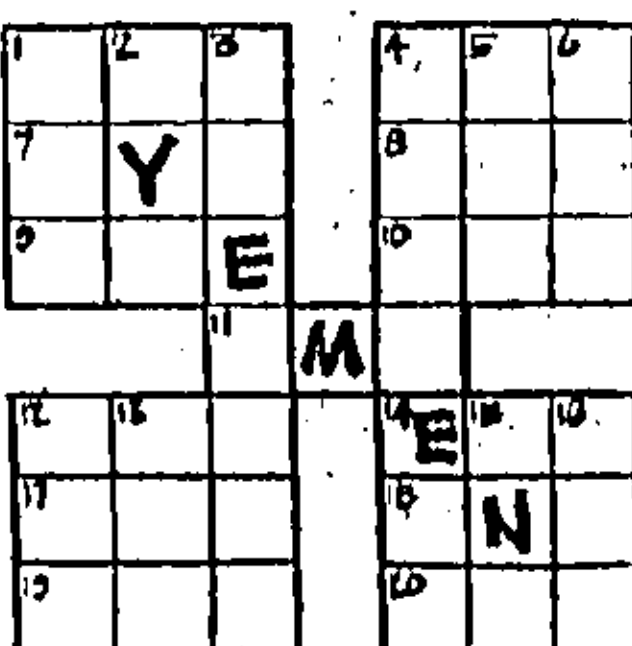
YEMEN DIAMOND

HODEIDA is one of Yemen's principal ports and the centre for Puzzle Pete's word diamond. The second word is "Goddess of the dawn"; told "a place in Palestine"; fifth "smudges" and sixth an abbreviation for "roads." Can you complete the diamond?

H
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A

YEMEN CROSSWORD

To give you some help, Cartoonist Cal has lettered in the name YEMEN on Puzzle Pete's crossword puzzle:



ACROSS

- 1 Dance step
- 4 Period
- 7 Organ of sight
- 8 Before
- 9 Tiny
- 10 Body of water
- 11 Reams (ab.)
- 12 Reverential fear
- 14 Goddess of the dawn
- 17 Letter's nickname (ab.)
- 18 Registered nurses (ab.)
- 19 Paid notices in newspapers
- 20 Golfer's mound.

DOWN

- 1 Church seat
- 2 Affirmative vote
- 3 Southsayer
- 4 Ice cream or cake, for instance
- 5 Mineral rock
- 6 Beverage
- 12 Winglike part
- 16 First number
- 18 Compass point

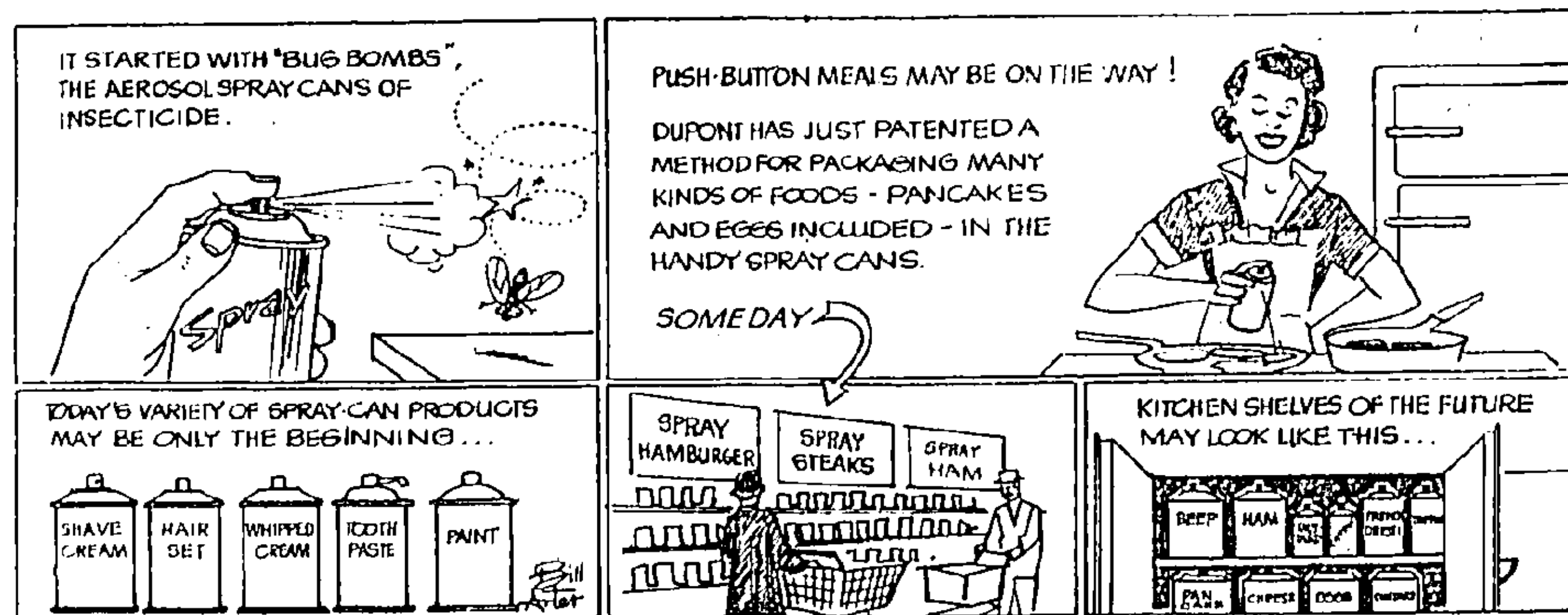
BACKWARD GLANCE

Read these facts about Yemen backward if you run into trouble: HERMEM SNOITAN DETINU MODGNIK TNEICNA FIAT FO YTAERT (Solutions on Page 20)

HOW HAVE FUN AT A PARTY? MYSTERY PACKAGE



IS THIS THE FOOD OF YOUR FUTURE?



Pickie And His Friends

—Nobody Could Stay Lost With Them Around—

By MAX TRELL

KNAIF, the Shadow Boy with the Turned-About Name, and his sister, Hanid, were walking back and forth in front of the house. They didn't say anything to each other but it was easy to see from the expression on their faces that something was wrong.

It was at this moment that Pickie Poo, the Poodle, came up the street wagging his tail. On seeing Knarf and Hanid, he started jumping all around them. To his surprise and disappointment, they made no effort to pet him or even to look at him.

What's Wrong?

"Here now, what's the matter?" Pickie asked, sitting down on his tail to keep it from wagging.

"We're a little worried, Pickie," replied Hanid.

"Worried?" said Pickie. "I'm sorry to hear that."

"That's all right, Pickie," Knarf said to the Poodle.

"I'd like to help you," Pickie offered.

"We're waiting for someone," answered Hanid.

"It's the girl who lives in the house around the corner," Knarf explained. "She was supposed to be here by now."

"That's why we're worried," said Hanid. "We're afraid she may be lost."

He looked very sharp and alert. "Lost?" he asked.

Knarf and Hanid nodded. "Nobody can get lost when I'm around," declared Pickie. "I'll find her for you."

A few minutes later, Knarf and Hanid and Pickie Poo were walking rapidly down the street.

"There's a friend of mine standing on the corner," said Pickie. "I'll ask him if he's seen the little girl."

Spotted Terrier

Pickie's friend was a Terrier with black and white spots. Pickie can right up to him.

"I say, old chap," began Pickie.

Knarf and Hanid didn't hear the rest but, when Pickie came back to them a few seconds later, he said that the Terrier had seen the little girl crossing the street.

"Ah," said Pickie. "There's another friend of mine. He's not as good a friend as the Terrier but I think he won't mind telling me a thing or two."

So Knarf and Hanid and Pickie all crossed the street.

Pickie's second friend was a Black Cat. The Black Cat stretched his back when Pickie came up. Knarf and Hanid watched as Pickie said a few words to the Cat.

Then Pickie came back to them.

"The Cat said he saw the little girl running down the sidewalk,"

He thinks she went inside one of the stores."

Knarf and Hanid went down the street. They passed several stores: a grocery store, a dry goods store, a hardware store and a drug store.

"But which one of the stores can she be in?" Hanid wondered. "Let's look in all of them," said Knarf.

In The Window

Meanwhile, Pickie had been talking to a Canon in a cage hanging in the window of the house just above the drug store. Pickie came running up to Knarf and Hanid.

"She's in the drug store! Right in there!" he barked.

And at that moment, out came the little girl. She was carrying an ice cream cone and in a little package she had two more ice cream cones, one for Knarf and one for Hanid.

"I'm sorry I'm late," she said. "I hope you weren't worried."

"Pickie Poo and his friends found you," Hanid said.

Knarf and Hanid and the little girl walked happily up the street eating their ice cream cones, while Pickie walked after them, wagging his tail.

Rupert and the Carved Stick—19



The gentleman hesitates. "Yes, it is important to get that old walking stick back as quickly as we can," he says. "You may find it if you don't let it go. I'll fetch my nephews. Hi, come away from the edge, you know how dangerous it

is. There's a much better way down over here." For Rupert and Edward are peering down the cliff hoping to see the missing stick. Now they follow the way that is pointed out, and it leads them down a very rough boulder-strewn pathway.

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MORE WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS

MEN HAVE BEEN studying the stars for thousands of years trying to unravel the secrets they hold. But because the ancients were handicapped by superstition and little or no equipment, they didn't get very far.

It has only been within the last few decades that astronomers, with giant telescopes, and scientists, working in laboratories, have made any real headway in unlocking the mysteries.

Still many questions have yet to be answered. Perhaps you or someone you know will one day find the answers.

Let's take a look at the way stars move across the heavens. Even though stars race through space at unbelievable speeds, it takes them years to inch their way across the heavens.

Why, then, do stars seem to change positions in the skies almost hourly? This is because our Earth rotates each day. Just as the Earth's revolving motion makes the sun appear to swing across the sky, so it makes the stars seem to change.

Too, that part of the heavens we can see each night varies according to the season.

Why? Well, our viewing platform, the Earth, is constantly moving in its yearly flight around the sun.

These blazing balls of gas, parading across the night skies trillions of miles from earth, look deceptively alike. But they are as varied as pictures in an art gallery. Astronomers have found they differ greatly in colour, size, brilliance and temperature.

Stars, like people, come in assorted sizes.

The biggest, called supergiants, are the largest single things in the universe. One super-giant, called Betelgeuse (pronounced "bee-tel juh-see"), has a diameter estimated at 400 million miles. The next largest stars are called giants, and their diameters are from 10 to 40 times greater than our sun's.

Yellow stars, such as our own sun, have temperatures of about 11,000 degrees, while the surface heat of red stars is about half that. The interior temperatures of stars, however, run into millions of degrees.

The biggest, called supergiants, are the largest single things in the universe. One super-giant, called Betelgeuse (pronounced "bee-tel juh-see"), has a diameter estimated at 400 million miles. The next largest stars are called giants, and their diameters are from 10 to 40 times greater than our sun's.

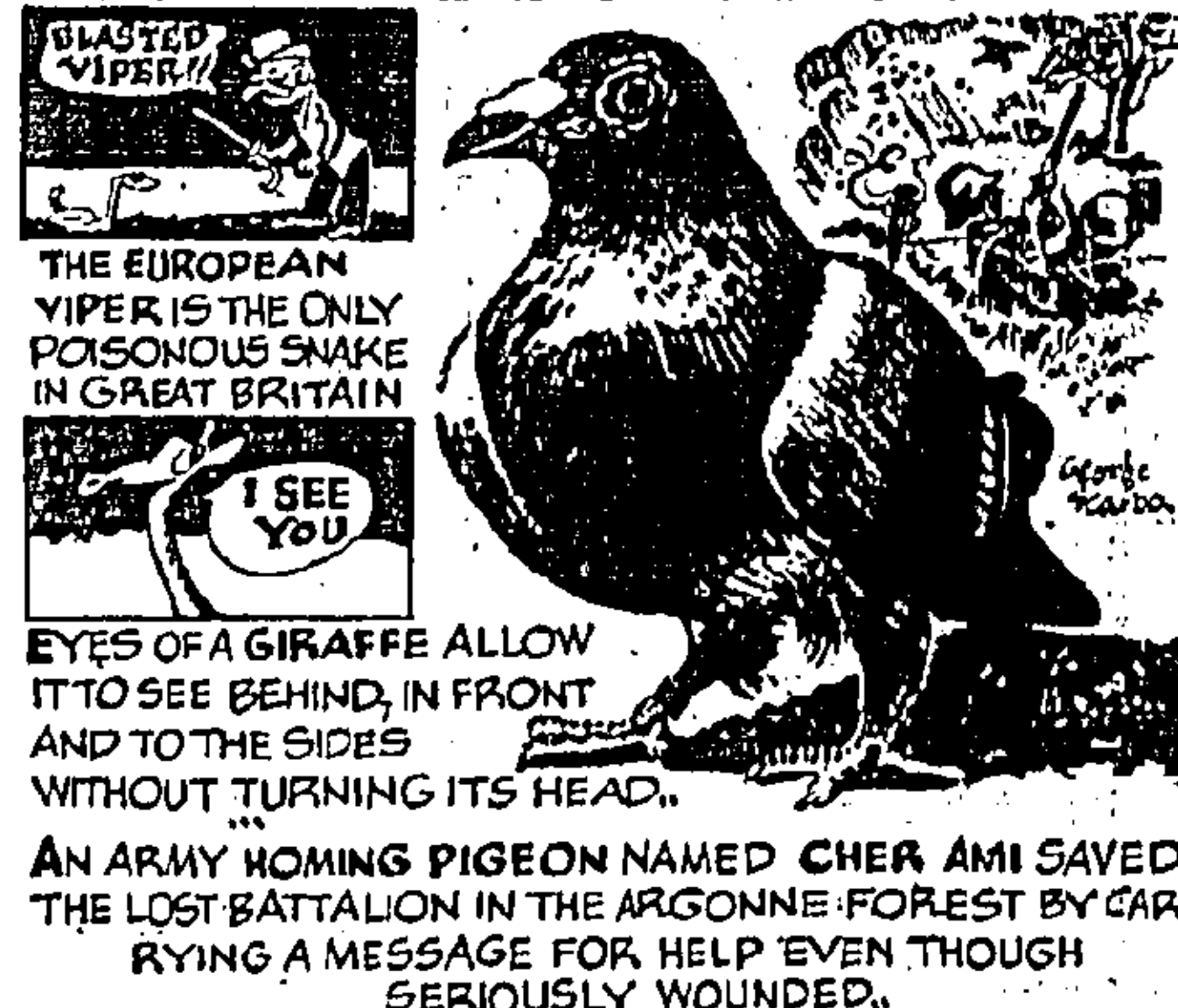
Only the sun and moon are brighter than Venus, which is six times as bright as Jupiter and 16 times as bright as Sirius, the brightest star. At times it is so brilliant in the night sky that it casts shadows on Earth.

All scientists can do in guessing what is underneath this mantle of clouds. It's like trying to peer through a frosted window.

The most common stars are about the size of the sun and carry the uninteresting name of main sequence stars. The smallest stars are called, suitably enough, dwarfs.

—WILLIAM J. WEISER, JR.

VENUS HIDES BEHIND THICK CLOUDS



AN ARMY HOMING PIGEON NAMED CHER AMI SAVED THE LOST BATTALION IN THE ARGONNE FOREST BY CARRYING A MESSAGE FOR HELP EVEN THOUGH SERIOUSLY WOUNDED.

VENUS HIDES BEHIND THICK CLOUDS

AFTER A ROCKET SHIP touches down on the moon, experts think Venus may be the next port of call.

There are two reasons why Venus may be picked as the first planet to be explored:

When it is between the Earth and the sun, it is the closest planet to Earth, about 26 million miles away.

And Venus, brightest planet in the sky, remains an astronomical mystery that science detectives would like to solve. No one, even those with the most powerful telescopes, has ever seen its surface.

That's because it's always wrapped in a thick layer of opaque clouds. This thick, dense atmosphere makes Venus blaze pure white at night.

Only the sun and moon are brighter than Venus, which is six times as bright as Jupiter and 16 times as bright as Sirius, the brightest star. At times it is so brilliant in the night sky that it casts shadows on Earth.

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—WILLIAM J. WEISER, JR.

Astronomers tell us there is no evidence of oxygen in Venus's atmosphere, and no signs of water vapour. But, they say, there is about 25 times as much carbon dioxide as in the earth's atmosphere.

Because of this lack of oxygen and the surplus of carbon dioxide, it seems unlikely there is any animal life on the planet. Too, carbon dioxide tends to retain heat, just as a greenhouse does, so the temperature on Venus on the sunlit side is about 160 degrees.

Because Venus turns so slowly on its axis—it takes at least one month to make one complete turn—temperatures on the dark side drop to well below freezing.

Scientists have three theories about what is underneath the clouds. One is that Venus is a dry, barren dust bowl similar to a desert.

The second is that it's completely covered with a watery liquid that contains as much carbon dioxide it must fix like a bottle of pop.

The newest theory is that Venus contains oceans of oil. All scientists can do in guessing what is underneath this mantle of clouds. It's like trying to peer through a frosted window.

By William J. Weiser Jr.

The Giles Family land in Dublin

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▲ AKQJ 803			
▲ K 52			
▲ A 5			
▲ A			
North and South vulnerable			
South	West	North	East
2 A	Pass	2 N.T.	Pass
3 A	Pass	4 A	Pass
4 N.T.	Pass	5 A	Pass
6 A	Pass	Pass	Pass

Opening lead—♦ Q

TODAY'S hand is from the National Mixed Team championships and illustrates the play and defense. South players wound up at six spades and invariably the queen of diamonds would be opened. South would take the ace, draw two rounds of trumps and lead back his little diamond.

East would be in with the king and would lead back the jack of clubs.

South would take his ace and start running trumps and East and West would have to make a lot of discards. At most tables West would discard clubs early and South would make the hand on a squeeze. On the last trump lead West would have to discard down to two hearts in order to keep the high diamond. Dummy would throw away its last diamond and East would also have to go down to two hearts in order to guard the clubs.

When Billy Rosen of Chicago sat East he broke up the squeeze most effectively by discarding the king of clubs as his first discard.

Units Rosen sitting West realized that she would have to hold the queen of clubs and she kept that card and a high diamond. This enabled Billy to hang on to his three hearts and declare that no way to make his contract.

♥♦CARD Sense♦♥

Q—The bidding has been:
West North East South
1 A Double 1 W
1 N.T. Pass Pass ?
You, South, hold:
A A S Q J 7 4 ♦ J 6 5 A 9 8 4
What do you do?
A—Double again. You have eight points and something in every suit.
TODAY'S QUESTION
West and North pass and East bids two clubs. What do you do now?
Answer on Monday

The Sky's The Limit!

PETER BURGOYNE'S News From Britain

BRITAIN is shifting from the welfare state mentality. While everyone agreed that the young, the weak, the handicapped should be cared for and protected by the community, the danger existed that cradle-to-grave cushioning by the state might smother the spirit of enterprise and industry.

There are two sources of inspiration for enterprise—direct economic necessity and inducement. Any administration in Britain which exploited the former alternative would be committing political suicide. The slogan should not be "work to live," but "work to live better."

Britain's Conservative government is using the latter and holding aloft the ideal of a "property-owning democracy."

Recent easing of the credit squeeze had been aimed at making more readily available houses, cars, up-to-date domestic equipment, luxury goods generally. All inducements to work harder, earn more, live better.

New industry is wading in to increase the inducements by giving employees a bigger stake in their jobs. Recently two major firms announced their intention of setting up shops at their plants where employees could buy shares in the company.

On top of this a mighty hire-purchase finance firm has come out with a scheme which will allow would-be investors to buy stocks and shares on the installment plan.

All of these are symptoms of a widespread movement to give workers an incentive interest in the firms which employ them.

It is beginning to look as if, under the Tories, there is being found a formula for living calculated to appeal to the British character; no limit on enterprise and industry allied to adequate provision for those who through no fault of their own must be helped.

On Wheels

MORE than a quarter of a million Britons are living on wheels. And their numbers are being added to at the rate of more than 25,000 a year.

They are the nation's caravan-dwellers. Not gypsies or bohemians or fresh-air fiends. Just ordinary people with ordinary jobs, solving their housing problems their own way.

On sites and parking lots all over the country, usually clustered around the outskirts of large cities, the caravans

stand. Tiny gardens around their wheels, well-worn paths to their steps give them in air of semi-permanence.

And it is that semi-permanence that is beginning to worry local authorities. Most local administrations are agreed that caravans represent substandard housing, and that they breed a sort of squalor; too often the temporary solution to the housing problem becomes permanent.

Few local authorities like to have residential caravan sites in their neighbourhood. Most would like to be rid of them.

But the law covering caravan-dwelling is so riddled with loopholes that an astute site-operator can spin out the skimming over any order against him to as much as three years.

Although they lose in the end, site-operators find that the profits earned in the meantime make the skimming worthwhile.

More & Too Much

ANOTHER sign of better times. Britons are eating more meat per head. More even than before the war—91 lb a year for each person now as opposed to 80 lbs then. Incidentally, the current figure is nearly double that of 1951 when the present Conservative administration came to power.

But if Britons are eating more, they're drinking more, too. Much more, it seems, than is good for them.

Figures just released show an alarming jump in drunkenness conviction figures in England and Wales in 1957. Last year drunkenness went up by more than 11 per cent.

That figure, in itself, is not regarded officially as alarming. But, as part of a continuing trend, it has rattled the government sufficiently for them to order an immediate investigation to find out what's behind all this drinking.

The figures which have disturbed the government are these—drunkenness convictions have soared from 25,170 in 1947 to 67,002 last year.

And there is more drunkenness now than there was even during the war years.

Particularly worrying is the rise of drunkenness among young people.

Big question now: What does the government propose to do with the information it

gets from the investigation it has ordered? British licensing laws are unpopular enough at present. Any move to make them stricter would doubtless spark a nationwide row.

Another Probe

ANOTHER unhappily growing trend has triggered another investigation. This time it's the increase in shoplifting. And the Magistrates' Association, which has been looking into the problem, is expected to issue a report early next year.

One particular facet exercising the magistrates is how to cut down the temptation to steal. From innumerable cases coming before them the magistrates know what in many, many cases the object stolen is trifling and useless and the thief has more than enough money to pay for it.

Whatever the findings of the magistrates' investigation, the country's doctors are going to be interested. For the medical profession here has long held

that police work and punishment is not the answer to shoplifting.

News Conference

ONE of the more abused institutions in Britain today is the news conference. These began as a means of some news-worthy body, say a government department, meeting the press to answer their questions and make known its policy.

Nowadays, editors are beset with invitations to news conferences covering just about every subject under the sun.

The extent of this craze for calling news conferences was highlighted this week when some children in the West Country refused to go to school in protest at crowded conditions aboard school buses. In order that their case should not be misunderstood, the youngsters summoned a press conference where hard-bitten reporters were addressed by a sixteen-year-old schoolgirl.

Rat Wrap

A lot of the romance was stripped from milk coats this week when two very senior judges in the Appeal Court got around to discussing the subject.

Their conclusion: The milk may be the Rolls Royce of rats. But it's still just a rat.

BY THE WAY by Beachcomber

IF the Post Office wants to make more money it should copy the American idea of introducing delicious flavours into the gum on the backs of stamps.

If it were known that when you licked a stamp you got a taste of, say, strawberry ice-cream or roast beef, there would soon be queues, especially if the customer could choose his own flavour. "A dozen threepenny fried fish, please." "We're out of fried fish. Will you take the tinned peas? Or we have some very nice twopenny grilled bacon."

The Boomerang falls over

YESTERDAY the Strabismus Boomerang made a second attempt at a trial run. After taxi-ing superbly down the runway it suddenly began to move sideways and then fell over, injuring the starboard wing. Experts at once swarmed over it, and it was found that a "horse-coli" had fouled the lower friction-belt, on the Farmington plunger, thus disturbing the balance of the delicate monster, causing it to veer and finally lose its equilibrium. "She is

buoyant, but not quite airborne," said a high official.

* The technical name for the form-end ratchet.

Sculpture by the ton

THERE seems to be a growing habit of estimating the artistic value of a piece of sculpture by its size. Whenever a new work is criticised its height and weight and the total area it covers are reported by the awed critic as though to say: "Just think of it! Ninety tons of it!" This approach to sculpture reminds me of the wealthy rattaquere who said to his wife when she bought a miniature: "My dear, surely we can afford something bigger than that now that we're going in for pictures."

The alternative

I READ of a man who has spent four years in building an electric organ in his house. My account of this feat says that the organ can produce the sound of a dog barking. To reduce the whole business to its simplest terms it is necessary to point out that the man could have saved time and money by buying a dog instead of creating difficulties for himself.

VULCAIN cricket

This is a high precision wrist alarm which, in spite of its elegant appearance, is designed to stand up to the rigours of any climate. The infallible alarm device will enable you to relax secure in the knowledge that your VULCAIN CRICKET will never let you forget an appointment.

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THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB 4TH RACE MEETING

Saturday 22nd and Saturday 29th November, 1958
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 16 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race
run at 2.00 p.m. on both days.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45
a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed
throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable prior
to the Meeting from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's
Building, Chater Road, D'Aguiar Street and Nathan Road, Kowloon,
only on the written introduction of a Member, and on production of
his Guest Record Card. Members are limited to 6 guests each Race
Day, and will be responsible for all guests introduced by them.

GUEST BADGES WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT THE RACE
COURSE ON RACE DAYS.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in
advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members, and Ladies wearing
Ladies' Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during
the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age
of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at
the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the
re-admission fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the
RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for
passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the
Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$16.00 each per day and \$32.00
each for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at
Queen's Building, Chater Road, and 5, D'Aguiar Street during
normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race
Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be
reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets
will be issued consecutively and the right is reserved by the
Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a
particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the
number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may
be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the
second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day.
In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole
Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m.
on Friday, 21st November, 1958 will be sold and the reservation
cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but
particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on
the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket
bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced
by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also
the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without
stating reasons for their action.

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial
Cup and Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at
\$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office—

Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Aguiar Street on—

Mondays to Fridays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Saturday 22nd and Saturday 29th November 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

382, Nathan Road, Kowloon on—

Mondays to Fridays 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Saturday 22nd and Saturday 29th November 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their
tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS
MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE
COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER
THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST
RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR
DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Ties men, etc. will not be permitted to operate
within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

HONG KONG, 16th November, 1958

Fleet Rugby Semi-Finals Today

'Doc' Is The Brainwave That Built The New Arsenal

HE bounced on to the field at the Boleyn Ground, Upton Park, last week—a blonde ball of fire whose shouts of command, bawled in the broad accents of Glasgow, could be heard in all parts of the pitch.

Tommy Docherty is the name—Arsenal's left half in that tense local Derby against West Ham, and the star who, more than any other player, has inspired the great Arsenal revival this season.

Watching from the side-lines, George Swindin must have, felt very proud.

For it was a sad, sad brain-wave by Swindin—the restless tough guy who has galvanized Arsenal since he became manager last summer—which brought the equally tough Docherty to Highbury.

"When I came here in August," Swindin told me, "I realised that what this young Arsenal team urgently needed was an experienced, stabilising personality in half-back."

As Arsenal's goalkeeper after the war Swindin played behind Joe Mercer, the footballer with the spindly, "spiral staircase" legs.

Unforgettable

It was this unforgettable memory which launched Swindin, when he returned to Highbury, on his quest for a clever half-back giant in the Mercer mould.

But where do you start looking when your target is perfection? Where, these days, do you find a master wing half—a man who will go as hard in practice as in the real thing? A player who is never satisfied, never still, and who never seems to tire?

It was then that the dark-haired dynamo who is George Swindin played a "long shot" hearing a whisper that Docherty was dissatisfied at Preston, he picked up the phone and called the Preston manager, Cliff Britton.

Said George, without ado: "I want Tommy Docherty for sale. If so, how much do you want? Arsenal won't engage in an

auction, but we're willing to pay a straight sum."

The upshot was that Swindin got Docherty for £20,000.

Like Mercer

What precisely does this Scot, from Glasgow's rugged south of Shettleston, have in common with his predecessor Joe Mercer, who came from Liverpool?

Call it the most amazing coincidence in sport, but the similarity between the careers of England's Mercer and Scotland's Docherty fringes on the uncanny.

● Mercer's arrival at Highbury started an Arsenal revival. So has Docherty's.

● Mercer was a physical fitness fanatic. So is Docherty.

● Mercer captained his country. So has Docherty.

● Mercer came to Arsenal in his early thirties, after he had been dropped by England. There he carved a dazzling new career, after they had said he was finished, washed up, a has-been.

Docherty arrived at Arsenal when he was 30 after he had been sacked by Scotland, and when they were saying up North that he would never be the same player again.

And, like Joe Mercer, the star everyone in football knows as "Doc" can be heard at the height of the battle shouting "Go on. Go on. Go on." The verb to quit was one that Tommy never learned.

A Captain-Type

Like Mercer, too, Docherty weds swift, accurate passing to a devastating tackle. In appearance, however, he is the opposite to the lean, leggy, ex-Arsenal skipper. In action, he is a vivid carbon copy of that other "Doc" from across the border, Alex Forbes.

A captain-type, even when he played for his school, Tommy is a natural wack. He keeps his colleagues happy. There is a new gaiety and warmth in the Arsenal dressing-room these days.

But none of this explains why, in the words of Mrs Agnes Docherty, "my football-mad husband is a new man since he went to Arsenal."

What is the Arsenal magic, the ever-recurring Arsenal success formula which results in 30-year-olds like Mercer and Docherty—and makes them great again?

I put the question to that impatient perfectionist who is building the New Arsenal—George Swindin.

"Every player who comes to Highbury is allowed to express his own style and individuality, within the simple playing rules we lay down," he told me.

'The Greatest'

"Tommy's first job, of course, is to cut out the opposing inside forward. But when he has possession he doesn't have to concentrate slavishly on defence. He can run with it, link up with the attack, even switch positions, when necessary, and perform a constructive role."

"Remember Arsenal are NOT a defensive side any more. And Tommy himself—the chunky Glaswegian Roman

by
ALAN HOBY



TOMMY DOCHERTY

Catholic who began his career by playing full-back, half-back, and inside forward for Glasgow Celtic before going to Preston in 1949 for the incredible bargain price of £4,000—what does he think about it?

"Arsenal are a great club," he says, "The greatest."

Yes, Thomas Docherty, with his cocky bounce and non-stop flowing style, exemplifies the spirit of the New Arsenal. Perhaps he remembers that immortal Alex James also came from Preston.

Tough Assignments For The Optimists And Scorpions In This Afternoon's Cricket

By ROBERT TAY

Main interest in this afternoon's cricket league matches will be centred on senior division leaders "Optimists" and second-placed "Scorpions", both of whom have been given tough assignments. The "Optimists" will be at home to Kowloon Cricket Club in what should be a highly interesting game.

The Kowloonites have been in the doldrums lately and have not been playing with the confidence of the past few seasons. The underlying cause seemed to have been their greatly weakened bowling this season, and unless this is improved, there appears to be little likelihood of their snapping out of that defeatist feeling.

They have missed Bob Bell badly and this afternoon they will also be without Buddy Carmel. P. Huo has been brought in to fill the breach, but on the whole the KCC attack is at its lowest depth at the moment and for that reason the odds this afternoon favouring a draw will be in favour of the "Optimists" despite the latter's poor batting display last week against the Indian Recreation Club.

Opportunities

Indian Recreation Club and Craigengower Cricket Club, the two strongest contenders for the title of "champions for drawn matches" are afforded the opportunities, this afternoon of getting out of the rut, and if they don't they have only themselves to blame.

Craigengower will be at home to the game and fighting Police eleven, who can always be depended upon to give an attractive display of bright cricket no matter how the game goes.

On paper Craigengower should be able to chalk up their second win of the season, but on the field the happy-go-lucky carefree spirit of the Policemen might often produce surprising results.

Full Points For IRC

All Mission Road Indian Recreation Club will be guests of Navy and Dockyard and should walk away with full points. I am of opinion that the Indians have lost some very valuable points by not taking chances in declaring their innings earlier when batting first, considering that they have a well-above-average bowling and fielding side.

Last Saturday, they could have probably earned for themselves the distinction of being the first team to lower the col-

ours of the "Optimists" if only they had taken the chance of declaring about 15 or 20 minutes earlier when they were in the 150's. Today against the Navy they can afford to be more than generous in the matter of time.

Not without interest is the last division match of the afternoon—an all-Army affair—between Army "South" and Army "North". On paper and form the "South" seem to be the better team this year although the "North" are officially the current champions. They have improved in all departments of the game lately and should be able to emerge winners in this match by a comfortable margin this afternoon.

Second Division

Top of the second division game this afternoon is the clash between Army "North" and the league leaders Army "South" who are at the moment the only unbeaten team in the division.

Army "North", largely through the efforts of bowler Ralph who took seven wickets for 37, handed the then joint league-leaders, RAF, their first defeat of the season last week.

True sportsmen that they are, there is no doubt that they will not play favourites to their team, and a keen and close fight is anticipated.

Royal Air Force, relegated to second place after their last week's defeat, have a good chance of drawing level again with Army "South" should the latter lose to Army "North" as they are practically sure of four points in their match against King George V School at Hopy Valley.

Ladies League: Victorians v Rovers (11.15) 1.30 p.m.; Rovers v KCC (12.15) 1.30 p.m.

NEWFOUNDLAND AND 8TH DESTROYER SQUADRON ARE LIKELY FINALISTS

After seeing the Navy in action on Thursday evening there is little doubt where rugby fans will be heading this afternoon. On the Navy ground in Causeway Bay the Navy are running off the semi-finals of their Fleet Rugby Knockout Competition. In fact keen fans will no doubt echo the famous shout of the Cossack sailors when they boarded the "Altmark," "The Navy's here."

By

Pak Lo

And just as well too for the Club "A" match against the Police has been postponed until next Wednesday evening at 7.00 p.m., and only the Club "B" game against the R.A.F. at 3.15 p.m. on the Club ground remains.

On the Navy ground the first kick-off is scheduled for 1.45 p.m. when the "local" ship HMS Tamar faces a strong XV from the cruiser Newfoundland.

Following this match at 3.00 p.m. there will be a battle royal between the lads from the 8th Destroyer Squadron and the 3rd Frigate Squadron.

At Its Weakest

In the match with Club "B", the RAF are without Coombes due to a leg injury, Fringes just recovering from concussion received last weekend, and which made him play such a poor game, and Forse who last Saturday at Kai Tak broke his wrist.

Although the "A's" are not playing this weekend, the "B's" have not been strengthened by the inclusion of any "A" players and in fact the "B" side is at its weakest for some time, particularly in defence where Heenan does not have the

ability to stop Martin, who is without doubt the airman's trump card.

Of the two sets of halves Radclyffe and Gibson should produce the more polished attack.

The RAF has one great weakness, which is the very one that Club "B" can capitalise upon, and that is patting the ball back in the lineouts.

The Club "B" before now has upset stronger XV's by breaking through the lineout and hampering the halves already harassed by their own forwards' bad tactics.

Well-Known Names

Despite this the RAF defence is too strong and the airman should win.

In the first of the Navy matches Tamar, while it has some well-known names in its ranks such as Watson, Freeman and Lees, has not had

enough chances to play together as a XV and the strong robust forwards from Newfoundland should dominate forward play.

The Newfoundland's backs have the penetrating power to do the rest and Newfoundland should become one of the finalists.

In the second game it is anyone's guess, though as usual this column will stick its neck out and predict a narrow win for the 8th Destroyer Squadron.

Definite Danger

The latter have the better pair of halves in Rodd and Melchish, Thursday's choice for the Navy side that beat the Rest of the Colony, and while the Frigates have a slightly stronger pack, they do not have the equivalent of Rodwell in the loose.

However, the New Zealanders who form the greater part of the 3rd Frigate Squadron XV are noted for their untiring efforts and Hill and Morey in the centre of the three will be a definite danger to the Destroyer Squadron if they manage to get a steady supply of the ball.

The two full backs, Win and Smith are on a par but the Destroyer Squadron has the nice combination of Delaney and Beutel on one wing and with Rodd and Melchish in front this combination should win the game.

In this column's estimation the finalists who will fight it out on the 27th will be Newfoundland and the 8th Destroyer Squadron.

THE TEAMS

Following are the teams for today's games:

Club "B": McFadyen, Heenan, Addis, Wiggitt, Cooke, Lochrie, Tancock, Turner, Dilworth, Spencer, Barnes, Twelkes, Bank, Swinley, D'Eath.

RAF: Wilcox, Burwood, Martin, Miller, Poyner, Radclyffe, Gibson, Halgh, Pottier, Wright, A. N. Other, King, Roberts, Brackhouse, Fletcher.

Tamar: A. N. Other, Russell, Watson, Allfrey, Amaze, Freeman, King, Harvey, Isaacs, Budd, Lees, Taplin, Stroud, Dunstone, Precious.

3rd Frigate Squadron: Win, Beutel, Delaney, Laughton, Martin, Melchish, Rodd, Brown, Osborn, Woolf, Strachan, Foncho, Rothwell, Smith, Owen.

Newfoundland: Hallworth, Moore, Feen, Cabbon, Lewis, Kirby, Short, Gale, Searo, Smith, Tidy, Jeffery, Spridgen, Servino, Grant.

Reference: Club "B" v RAF—Greig.

RAF Touch judge (Other XV's please note): O'Hearn.

First Day of 1959 Race Meeting, Hopy Valley, 2 p.m.

1st Division: Tamar v RAF Bat Wan (CH); Police v Eastern (BS); both matches at 2.30 p.m.

Reserve Division: Police v Eastern (BS) 3 p.m.

2nd Division: Club v AFS (CH) 3 p.m.; Preston v Talook (Ranley) 1.30 p.m.; St Joseph's v RUMS (HIV) 1.30 p.m.

3rd Division: Hon Yung v Kowloon Godown 3 p.m.; D & B Mercantile 2 p.m.; Reddick v Dowell 2 p.m.; C & W v Koon Wun 3.30 p.m.; University v RUC 2.30 p.m.; all matches at Hopy Valley.

Ladies League: Victorians v Rovers (11.15) 1.30 p.m.; Rovers v KCC (12.15) 1.30 p.m.



SPORTS QUIZ

London Express Service

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Who was the last footballer to score three goals in an FA Cup Final?

2. Australia beat the United States 5-0 in 1955 and 1956. What sport were they playing?

3. Which jockey has won the Derby the most times?

4. Only one American golfer has won the British Open Championship on his first attempt. Name please.

5. Which world famous boxing arena has recently been turned into a warehouse?

6. What sports do you associate with (a) the Achilles club, (b) Juventus, (c) T. Zinger?

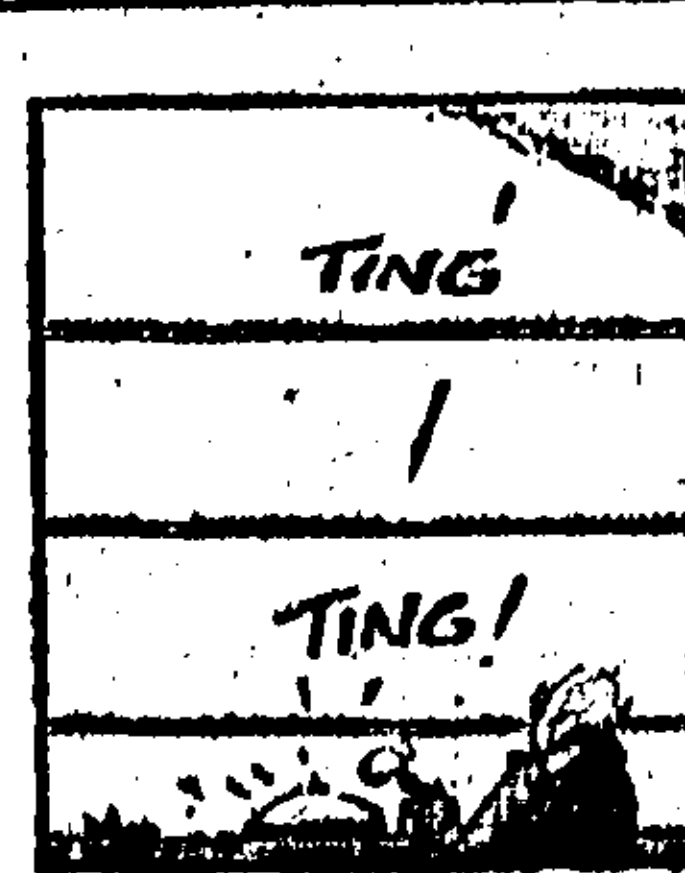
7. Which country won all the men's swimming events in the 1948 Olympics?

8. Which Australian cricketer made the first century against the present MCC tourists?

9. Randolph Turpin has just announced his retirement. What world title did he once hold?

10. Believed to have originated in India, players start with a red and end with a black... they may take a hit whenever they wish! What's the game?

(Answers on Page 19)



PRECIOUS DROPS FOR PRECIOUS MOMENTS.
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SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

Finger-Wagging By A Referee Is A Most Annoying Habit

At a recent meeting of football personalities in the Midlands of England, a representative of the Football Association who was speaking on various aspects of match control commented "Gentlemen . . . from his earliest times a child is warned that it is bad manners to point, and I suggest to you now that it is the worst possible soccer manners for a referee to point his finger in a player's face while he is remonstrating with him over some act of misdemeanour".

More recently, and in much closer proximity something very similar happened. While he was attending the Asian Games in Tokyo earlier this year Sir Stanley Rous, Secretary of the English Football Association, lectured to a gathering of referees and other officials.

At question time he was asked how a referee should set about administering a caution. In his reply Sir Stanley advised the referee to stop play and, using his hand but not a wagging finger, beckon the offender towards him. As soon as the player starts to move towards him the referee should advance and meet him half way. The player should then be told firmly and quietly how he had transgressed the rules and he should also be told the referee's intention.

Annoying Habit

If you read my report on the game between KMB and the Army which was played at Boundary Street last Sunday you will know that I made a strong point of the fact that the referee in charge of that game had persistently wagged his finger under players' noses while he was speaking to them on the field of play.

It is a most annoying habit and it raises many diverse comments in the stands at Boundary Street. One leading local administrator suggested that the trait was often used to mask weakness or an inferiority complex on the part of the man in charge of the game.

As far as Mr Lytle — the referee involved in last week's game — is concerned I do not believe that either of these is true. He is a most competent official and I consider that once he has really settled down in Hongkong he will emerge as our No. 1 whistler. It is mainly for this reason that I have raised the question of finger-wagging at such length.

Wagged His Finger

There is of course a humorous side to this sort of thing . . . and followers of the Arsenal may recall the story of an incident which is alleged to have taken place at Highbury some years ago . . . and which involved a famous red-headed half-back who always removed his dentures before going out to play in a match.

During the heat of the game the referee found it necessary to have a strong word with this particular player. On the spur of the moment the referee

wagged his finger right under the red-headed player's nose and the fellow didn't like it one little bit. As the referee stopped his admonition the star clipped in with the comment "O.K. Ref. . . but if you wag that finger under my nose again I'll bite it".

The referee, quick as a flash, retaliated with the observation . . . and I expect you'll want me to hold up the game while you nip into the dressing room for your toothbrush.

The pair culled "Touché". The referee was over. The referee had no more trouble with the red head that afternoon.

But quite seriously, there is nothing more provocative than the referee who stands within touching distance of a player and then proceeds to tell him off with the assistance of a violently wagging finger. It is a degrading sight. We can well do without it, and I hope Mr Lytle reverts my comments in the spirit in which they are given for in all other respects he looks like the kind of official we can well do with in this Colony.

On Thursday evening I had a chance to discuss the current suggestion that we should have a revival of the community international rugby tournament which was once a popular feature in the winter sports season in Hongkong.

Generally those rugby fans with whom I talked were pretty much agreed that if it was well organised, and if the various representative sides entered into the spirit of things, it could be the game of the future. The international flavour would be a welcome break from the hazy pattern of things which has prevailed over the last few years. It would also give variety to a game that has a dangerous sameness from week to week.

While holding conversation on the idea I heard it being carried further when one well-known rugby personality suggested that Hongkong, with its fine central position, should really look into a wider international sphere.

This particular individual put forward for consideration the idea that we could organise a real international competition by inviting Taiwan, Japan, Saigon and even Singapore and

By I. M. MACTAVISH

the various Services in the Far East to an Annual Tournament which could, if necessary, be held in such competing country in rotation.

This was no idle suggestion and the man who made it said that if it ever came into being he would make time if personally responsible for providing a suitable trophy.

Now I know that at first glance there are some very obvious snags not the least of which is finance, and I'm not going to pretend that I know how the problems can be tackled let alone solved.

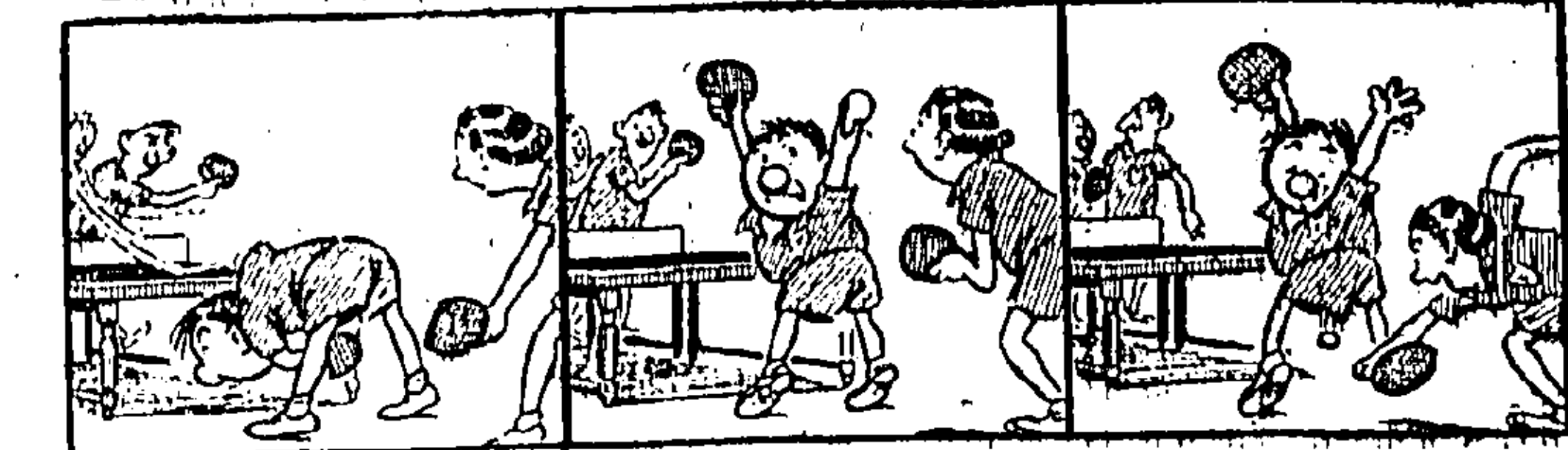
Can Succeed

I'm not what you would call a rugby fan but I do enjoy watching a good game and there must be many more like me who would be tempted to the sidelines by the right kind of international match.

A great deal would depend on how such a project was handled but, as it is nowadays obvious that there is no ostrich attitude among rugby officials, I cannot believe that such a competition could not be made a success.

If the suggestion can be brought to fruition I promise

SPORTING SAM . . . by Reg. Wootton



the rugby fraternity that I know where they can get a suitable trophy.

Tomorrow afternoon all soccer roads will lead to the Hongkong Stadium where South China — the Triple Champions — will meet their most persistent rivals KMB. There will be a packed house and already at this moment tickets are beyond price. What are the prospects that face both sides?

First of all it seems to me that there will be no fluff on either

my knowledge, had a really successful game against his brother who will almost certainly be wearing the No. 5 shirt for the Champions.

Different Opposition

Against the Army last Sunday KMB looked very good but in tackling South China they will be facing a very different kind of opposition. The week-end news and confusion in the Army rear lines made it easy for the Busmen to look good when they were on the attack and similarly their defenders were able to amble through the 90 minutes. Nevertheless they tackled their job in a most workmanlike fashion and the six goals they scored will give their sharpshooters plenty of confidence.

Much depends on Lau Chi-lun who will have to work harder and play better than he did last week.

KMB have a real chance. They are playing well and they are playing as a team with each player doing his best for the others around him. There is also plenty of spirit in the side and provided ever-present Leung Kit can control himself they could very well upset the champions.

Delightful Display

South China gave a simply delightful display recently when they swamped Kitchener with the mother and father of

all tannings. In that game they were good enough to beat any side in the Colony . . . but one cannot forget that there have been other occasions when they were much less convincing.

They are more than a bit suspect at right back and also at left half where Ho Chi-kwan has not quite lived up to his earlier promise.

The South China forward line is without equal and only the fact that we have several times seen Ho Cheung-yau and Yiu Cheuk-yin shut out of a game by ultra close marking raises any doubts in my mind about their ability to carve a way through the fast but unpredictable KMB defence.

South China depend to such an extent on their inside forwards that they are in desperate straits when Ho and Yiu are subdued.

Need No Telling

The KMB winghalves need no telling about this and Chan Chi-kong, with his intimate knowledge of South China planning and affairs, may well be the deciding personality in the match. If he can put a halter on Ho Cheung-yau's twinkling feet and anticipate the scheming of his nimble mind the goals could very well cross the harbour. . . but I shall be very surprised, in spite of everything, if South China are beaten.

There will be a great crowd and expectations of a memorable game will be high. On the big occasion current form is often an unreliable guide . . . so let us content ourselves by hoping that both these fine teams put up a real crackerjack . . . and that victory and the points go to the better side.

Several big games in the immediate past have been sad and dismal disappointments. Let us hope that this one lives up to its expectations.

FLAT-RACE JOCKEYS CHASE THE SUN

By JAMES PARK

The flat-race jockeys normally finish for the season and retire into winter quarters when the curtain is rung down at Manchester and Lingfield in early November. But that does not apply to quite a number this year. They are off to the sunshine and more work.

It will be almost like an English weighing-room when Billy Rickaby, Sam Milbanks, "Mickey" Greening, G. Barker and E. J. Cracknell get ready for the winter campaign at Calcutta. There have been big changes since Kichna took over. Gone are famous names like the Viceroy's Cup and Emperor's Cup. They are now known by other names.

I am told things are brightening up a bit in Calcutta, but not elsewhere. With restrictions on importation most of the horses are native bred and are a long way below the English standard. Billy Rickaby will have a couple of months in Calcutta and then fly to Switzerland, where he will have a holiday with his wife, Bridget.

Brosley Stays

LESTER FIGGOTT and "Scobie" Brosley will remain in America for some time after the Laurel Park race. Brosley will go to California and then decide where to spend the remainder of the winter. Figgott will stay for about a fortnight and after returning home goes to South Africa to ride towards the end of December. He intends to keep 19

harness and will probably have a few rides over hurdles when he gets back from South Africa.

Off To South Africa

JACK JARVIS leaves in the middle of December for his usual trip to South Africa. He will be away about two months and during his absence the horses are looked after by Harry Jellies, whose father, Henri, still trains a few of his own at Newmarket. Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochford will not get away until the end of January. By that time the boys will have gone back to school.

A CAPTAIN CAN ASK THE REFEREE

By DON HARDISTY

Reasonable approaches by captains to Soccer referees during matches will not be frowned on.

This came out at a meeting of Football League club chairmen in Liverpool last week, at which League president Mr Joe Richards (Barnsley) quoted from a letter by F.A. secretary Sir Stanley Rous, which said: "A courteous request to a referee to ascertain what decisions he has given or for what offence would not be considered ungentlemanly conduct."

The point had been raised by Burnley chairman Mr Bob Lord, who had said that the new ruling circulated by the F.A. was hindering rather than helping secure better control.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Stan Mortensen of Blackpool in 1953.
2. Lawn Tennis. Davis Cup Challenge Round.
3. Steve Donoghue—six times.
4. Ben Hogan.
5. Hurling.
6. (a) Athletics, (b) Soccer, (c) Cricket.
7. United States.
8. Norman O'Neill.
9. World—middleweight title.
10. Snooker.

Deplorable Attitude By Britain Towards The European Games

By DEREK JOHN

What a deplorable head-in-the-sand attitude has been taken by Britain towards the staging of the 1962 European Games. The British Amateur Athletic Board announced several months ago they would apply to stage the Games in London. But they changed their minds when they realised it might not be a sound financial proposition.

Now they are willing to organise the Games again — but only because an enterprising national British newspaper has offered to sponsor this great athletic festival.

In short, the Board will only stage the Games if someone else foots the bill.

Lose Money

As promoters they would have had to spend something like £50,000—paying the expenses of 150 athletes from all over Europe, providing accommodation and training facilities, and furnishing the White City stadium with expensive equipment such as an electronic result board.

They would almost certainly lose money—as, I understand, the Belgians did in 1950, the

Swiss in 1954, and the Swedes this year.

The Board did not hesitate to send teams to the European Games when these countries were meeting the cost. So they should not have hesitated when it is their turn to "buy a round."

This dithering spoils the lack of leadership to the British athletes. Any other country capable of staging the great Championships would jump at the chance.

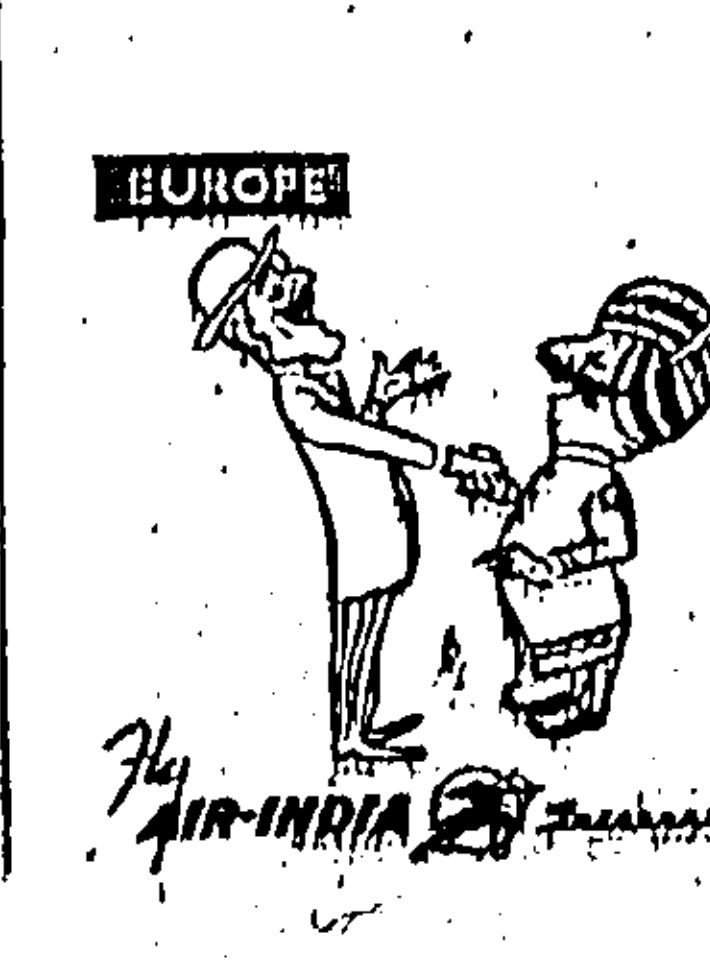
The British Government is partly to blame. In such a case, where Britain's international prestige is at stake, they should offer to cover any loss incurred.

This is done in other countries. But the British Government, which receives an income of nearly £50,000,000 from sport, is not so generous.

THE WEEKEND GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby



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FRENCH ELECTIONS BEGIN TOMORROW

Now Ireland Leads In Golf

Mexico City, Nov. 21. Portly Harry Bradshaw, nine-times pro champion of Ireland, fired his second straight two-under par 70 today to send the Emerald Isle into the individual and team lead in the International Trophy and Canada Cup Golf Championship.

Bradshaw whipped over the chilly, cloudy 7,215-yard Club de Golf Course with nines of 37-33 to forge a two-round 140 which gave him the half-way lead by two strokes over handsome Flori Van Dorck of Belgium, who stood at 142 in the race for the International Trophy.

And the heavy-set Irishman's total added to that of teammate Christy O'Connor, who shot his second straight 72, gave Ireland a two-stroke lead over the United States duo of Ben Hogan and Sam Snead in the Canada Cup race.

The Irish led with 286 and the United States had 288—four shots ahead of the Australian team which had led in the first round.—U.P.I.

New Polio Death

Singapore, Nov. 21. Another poliomyelitis death was reported today, the ninth since the outbreak of the epidemic in Singapore 11 weeks ago.

Four more cases brought the total for the 11 weeks to 312.—Reuter.

Fewer Reds Expected In Next Assembly

Paris, Nov. 21. France will start electing the first lower house of parliament on Sunday under the new constitution fathered by General de Gaulle and adopted by nearly 80 per cent vote of the electors in a referendum taken last September.

General de Gaulle, whose prestige was raised to a high point by the referendum last September showing the country overwhelmingly endorsed his ideas, has refused to be identified with any party.

This has led to some confusion among many electors who are reported by election campaign observers to be confused by the multiplicity of political labels. The big number of candidates, and the relatively small difference between most of their programmes.

There are at least eighteen parties or splinter groups, but the main streams of political sentiment can be divided into four or five:

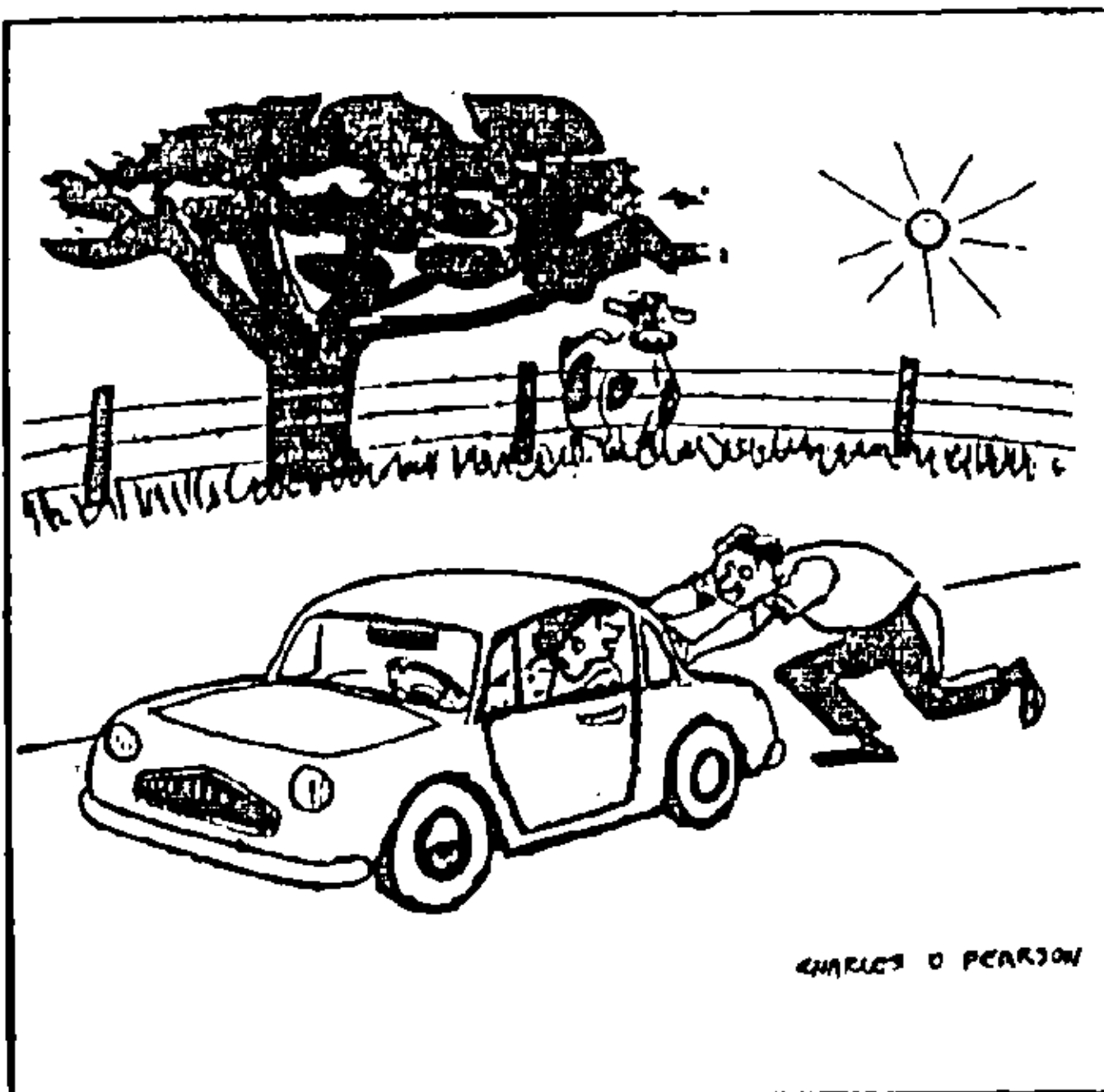
- ★ Communists and fellow travellers,
- ★ Socialists,
- ★ Conservatives, including all-ident Poujadists, and

12-INCH TOOTH FOUND

Maldstone, Nov. 21. Workmen have uncovered the remains of a prehistoric mammoth in this Southern English town, a spokesman for the local museum said today.

Bones of a mammoth estimated to have lived about 500,000 BC were uncovered 12 feet below a 17th century shop. The museum spokesman said a 12-inch tooth and 20 pieces of leg bone were washed into their positions here by one of two rivers which have since changed their courses.—U.P.I.

This Funny World



"Gee, this makes it even more economical."

HE CAME DOWN STAIRS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 30 YEARS

Halifax, Nov. 21. People in Nelson Street, Halifax, yesterday saw a neighbour for the first time in 30 years when he walked from his home.

He is believed to have been in his bedroom all that time. The whole street turned out to see Matthew Sutcliffe, aged about 42, walk to an ambulance with his 82-year-old

mother on their way to hospital. Some neighbours had been told that Mrs Sutcliffe had a son but few believed it.

Only one—Mrs Hilda Hobson, a widow who has lived in Nelson Street since 1920—remembered Matthew as a youth. She told reporters "Matthew never came downstairs in 30

years—not to my knowledge." Matthew's cousin, John Lawton, added "I have never seen Matty since he went to bed with a cold in 1928...."

"When a youth he used to come home from work wet through and then set off to the pictures in his wet clothes. He caught a cold and went to bed. That is how I remember it and it was in March, 1928." Mrs Sutcliffe has been detained in hospital because of falling health. Matthew has been detained for observation.—China Mail Special.

Peter May Could Crack Under The Strain

Brisbane, Nov. 21. Peter May, the MCC captain, could crack under the strain of leading the side and being its No. 1 batsman, the Brisbane Telegraph's cricket correspondent, Max Hawkins, said today.

Hawkins, writing from Sydney before May's century today against an Australian XI, quoted MCC sources "close to the team".

The sources recalled that the strain of captaincy, and the fact that he was expected to be the number one run-getter, had badly affected Sir Leonard Hutton's form in 1954-55.

May, said Hawkins, was showing signs of strain as the first Test approached. He also had



the additional worry that his strained knee was not 100 per cent right.—China Mail Special.

Rose Hits Out At Amateur Rules

Melbourne, Nov. 21.

Mervyn Rose, who is turning professional as a result of his dispute with Australia's top amateur tennis officials, today blasted amateur rules as "all right for rich people" but "too tough" for everyone else.

"They were all right for rich people in the good old days when they took a trip abroad to play in only one or two money in their pockets," said tournaments with plenty of Rose. "But the amateur rules are too tough altogether now."

Rose, currently under suspension by the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia for failure to account for expense money on a foreign tour this year, plans to meet with U.S. pro tennis promoter Jack Kramer in Sydney on Tuesday to sign a pro contract which reportedly will guarantee him a minimum of \$10,000 (\$22,400).

Donald Ferguson, President of the LTAA, said Rose's decision to turn pro was "no surprise".

Rose, considered one of the world's best amateur doubles players, was informed by the LTAA this week that his suspension will not be lifted until Jan. 31.

The news provoked an outburst from him in which he warned he would wreck the Australian Davis Cup team by doing "some straight talking" about other players' expense money.

Later, he decided instead to turn professional rather than "rat" on his fellow players.—U.P.I.

Crisis At An End?

Tokyo, Nov. 21. Japan's political crisis now in its 17th day tonight drew to a close when the Japanese Prime Minister, Mr. Nobusuke Kishi, and the Chairman of the opposition Socialist Party, Mr. Moroburo Suzuki, agreed to hold a personal "summit conference" to resolve their respective parties' differences.

The meeting has been scheduled for tomorrow, November 22.

A Government spokesman tonight said Mr. Kishi would use tomorrow's meeting to effect a firm agreement from the Socialists for the protection of parliamentary democracy in Japan.

Japan's political crisis began on November 4 when the Socialist party walked out of Parliament when the ruling Liberal Democratic (Conservative) party arbitrarily extended the present session in order to give the Government's controversial police powers bill.—Reuter.

Scarface Will Tell Yard Of Robbery

London, Nov. 21.

Johnny "Scarface" Carter, 35-year-old ex-gangster, had an appointment at Scotland Yard, Police Headquarters, this afternoon but told a Member of Parliament that he might not live to keep it.

Mr Carter said he intended to see detectives to give them information about London's unsolved £238,000 mail van robbery of 1952, one of the biggest in English history, and to make a statement concerning his allegations of police persecution.

Mr Norman Dodds, Labour Party Member of Parliament, said today "he has told me that the gangs are after him and he might not be alive or free this afternoon."

"As an extra precaution I have taken signed statements from him which I will present to Scotland Yard if anything happens."

"He is keeping on the move all around London in fear of his life."

Carter, who spent more than 11 years in prison, was taking his doctor with him this afternoon to see Mr Dodds at the House of Commons. They would then cross the road to nearby Scotland Yard.

TO GO STRAIGHT

"He has told me he wants to go straight but is being hounded not only by the gangs but by the police as well," the M. P. said.

"This afternoon he will give to the police information concerning the robbery and also the names of the police officers who he alleges have hounded him. He has tried to get a steady job but he says each time the police have made him move on."

Mr Dodds said that Carter was run down by a gang last year and beaten up. He was taken to hospital where he had 80 stitches inserted and he was still in poor health.—China Mail Special.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS:

YEMEN REBUS: Sans; Coffee; Grain; Kingdom.

JUMBLED SENTENCE: Yemen's capital, Sana, is a walled city with a population of about 25,000.

YEMEN DIAMOND:

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W	E	E	S	E	A
R	M	S			
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L	E	S	R	N	G
A	D	S	T	E	E

BACKWARD GLANCE: United Nations Member; Ancient Kingdom; Treaty of Tait.

MALAYA'S PROMISE

Djakarta, Nov. 21. Dato Abdul Razak, the Malayan Deputy Prime Minister said today in Bandung, West Java, that his Government was willing to help the Indonesian Government to prevent Indonesian rebels from entering Malaya, Radio Bandung said tonight.

The visiting Malaya goodwill mission led by Dato Abdul Razak, the Malayan Deputy Prime Minister, was in Bandung on its way to Djakarta, central Java, the former Indonesian Republic's capital during the revolution.—Reuter.



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